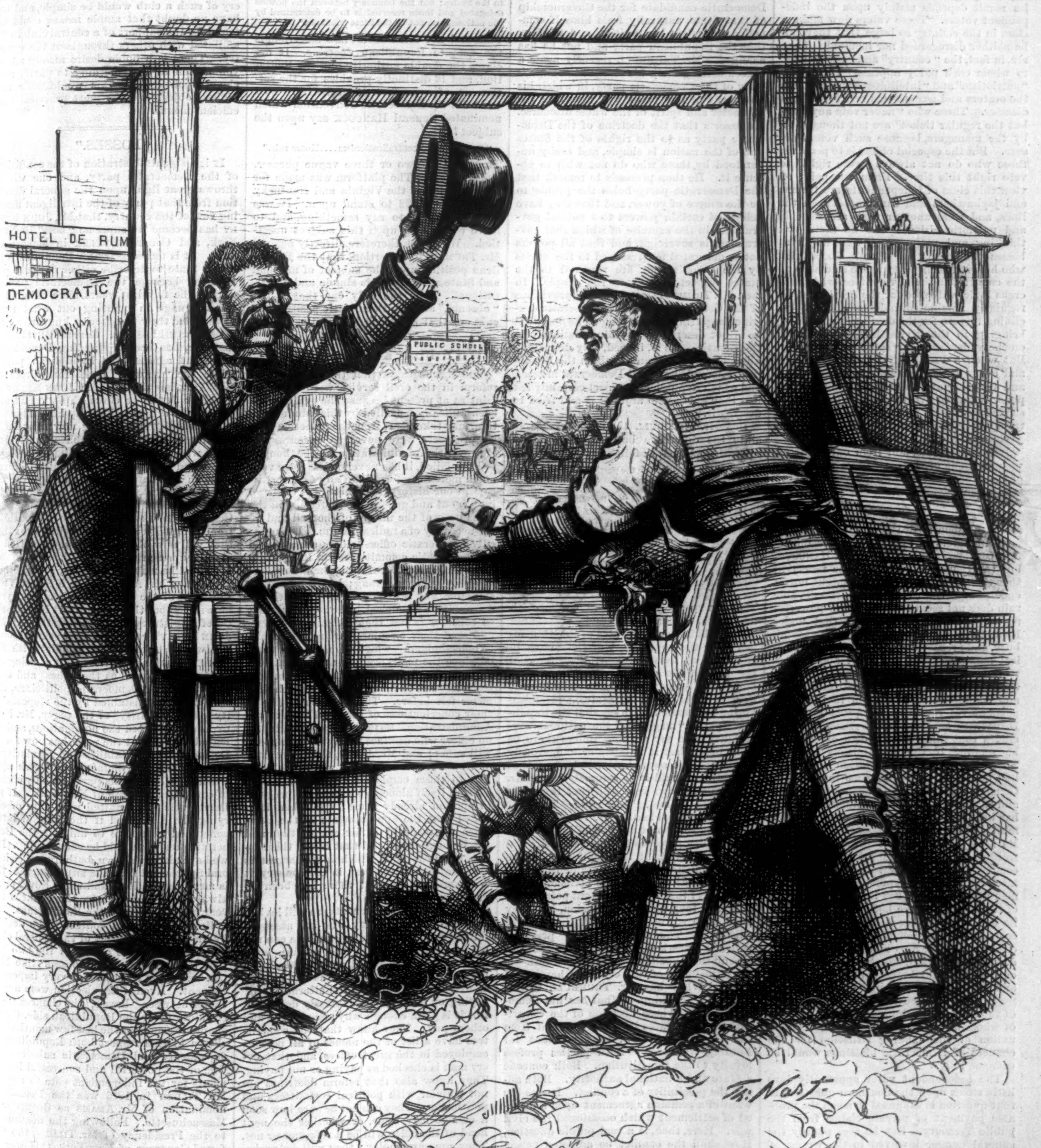
# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 1239.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



RESUMPTION—OF HONEST MONEY AND WORK.

**Political Loafer.** "Hurrah for a change!"
**Busy Workman.** "Times are better; work is plenty. I don't want a change, *for your sake*."

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

**New Story by the Author of "Helen's Babies."**

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 46, issued September 14, contains, with other attractive features, the first chapter of a new illustrated serial story by* JOHN HABBERTON, *author of "Helen's Babies." It is entitled*

"WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?"

*and the readers of* YOUNG PEOPLE *will find it one of the most interesting stories yet offered to them in the columns of that popular periodical.*

## THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THERE is nothing more striking in this campaign than the consciousness that its result depends mainly upon the independent voters. These voters now make a class in the country so large that they can be neither disregarded nor insulted. They are, in fact, the "country" and "the people" to whom each party appeals. It is their "patriotism" and "intelligence" upon which the orators and newspapers rely to prevent disaster. Those who "never vote anything but the regular ticket" are not thought of by the managers, because such voters are sure. But the especial object is to persuade those who do not always "vote right" to vote right this time. From one point of view this class of independents are tramps and jayhawkers and runners between the lines, and from another they are sensible and patriotic citizens who do their own thinking and voting, and who laugh at bosses who try to "run" them. To the man who holds that his party is the sole hope of the country, and who therefore, with ludicrous logic, will vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated, independence, or declining to vote for the devil as a method of bringing in the divine kingdom, is mere crochety obstinacy or "sore-headed" spleen. But when a Presidential campaign opens, and every vote is precious, when sneering and swearing are no longer available weapons, but when everybody who can be persuaded or cajoled must be gathered in, the tramp is hospitably entertained, and the jayhawker kindly entreated.

It is undeniable, and from our point of view it is one of the most cheering aspects of the situation, that this independent vote is this year almost universally favorable to General GARFIELD. The fact that General HANCOCK is an amiable gentleman and a soldier of good record does not blind independent voters to the fact that the important consideration is not General HANCOCK, but the Democratic party. The reflection that the success of that party might not at once plunge the country into irretrievable ruin does not seem to them a very powerful argument as against the fact that under Republican rule the country is peaceful, busy, and prosperous. Honest and economical administration, reform of abuses, protection of equal rights, sectional harmony, continued business and industrial activity and confidence, do not seem to the independent voter to be more probable under Democratic auspices, and he reasonably concludes that this time his own objects will be securer if the Republicans succeed. There is another consideration which has had doubtless great influence in giving to General GARFIELD the independent vote, and that is the present Administration. It has been one of the quietest, most efficient, most spotless Administrations in our annals. Its fidelity to patriotic principle and its freedom from extreme partisanship have commended it equally to the favor of the intelligent and independent voter. The men who have attacked it, and the methods of their assault, have both been tributes to its excellence. Few Administrations have commanded the confidence of the better citizens of all parties more fully than this, and the conviction, based upon knowledge of General GARFIELD'S personal character and public career, that he is in perfect sympathy with the general spirit and purpose of this Administration, persuades the voter of whom we speak that to risk the continuation of the existing situation for the chances of Democratic blessings would be extreme folly.

The independent voter apparently lays little stress upon the Southern question, if that question is supposed to mean the probable payment of private claims from the public Treasury. But he sees plainly the general danger involved in the wrong of suppressing the colored vote by fraud and violence. Whatever the real mischief of colored suffrage in the Southern States may be, fraud and violence and the swindling of the Northern States are not the remedy. The independent voter is not disposed to support a party whose sole chance of success lies in the violent or fraudulent prevention of independent voting, and he is peculiarly able to pierce the sophistry which undertakes to excuse this crime. These are undoubtedly some of the reasons which have persuaded that large and intelligent class of voters which decides elections to support General GARFIELD this year. There is perhaps one other, and that is their feeling that events have shown the Republican party not to be controlled by what they regard as its dangerous tendencies. Indeed, tested by his known principles and character, and his public ability and experience, there is probably no Republican who could have been nominated who would be more acceptable to the independent voters of the country than General GARFIELD.

## SOUND REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

MR. LYMAN TRUMBULL, formerly a Republican Senator from Illinois, and now the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of that State, naturally feels himself compelled to justify his position, and to show that the Republican party and not he has changed. Mr. TRUMBULL recently made a speech setting forth his view of the superiority of the Democratic party, in which his treatment of one point will illustrate the character and spirit of the whole discourse. He asserts that the doctrine of the Democratic party as to the rights of the States and of the nation is simple, and easily understood by those who do not wish to obscure it. He then proceeds to remark that the Democratic party holds the people to be the source of power, and that they have delegated certain powers to a federal government, in the exercise of which that government is sovereign, and that all powers not so delegated nor reserved to the States by the Constitution, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. In fact, Mr. TRUMBULL repeats the provisions of the Constitution as the Democratic doctrine, forgetting that so long as he does that he is not describing anything distinctively Democratic. He is, indeed, only describing a bond of national union which the Republicans defended against Democrats in arms, and which Republicans respect certainly not less than those who abjured it and tried to destroy it.

But Mr. TRUMBULL then undertakes to state the difference between the parties upon this subject, as follows:

> "The difference between the parties in this respect is this: The Democratic party believes that both the national and State governments are sovereign within their respective spheres, and that the confining of each to the exercise of the power properly belonging to it is essential to that balance of power on which the endurance of our political fabric depends. The Republican party, on the contrary, magnifies the sovereignty of the United States, and is constantly drawing to it more and more control over domestic concerns. In fact, some of the advocates of Republicanism have gone so far as to deny the sovereignty of the States in anything."

This is a very loose statement, ending with a pointless insinuation. Obviously it is not so true that some advocates of Republicanism deny the sovereignty of the States in anything as that the controlling force of the Democratic party, its Southern wing, has denied it in everything by asserting the final sovereignty of the States, and endeavoring to enforce it. To say that the Republican party "magnifies" the national sovereignty is to say nothing, unless there be some proof that it unfairly or dangerously magnifies that sovereignty, and upon that allegation, should it be seriously made, Mr. TRUMBULL knows very well that Republicans would promptly join issue. Thus far in his speech, evidently, Mr. TRUMBULL has said upon this point nothing of importance. But he then proceeds to argue that our system of government is complicated. The two authorities—the nation and the State—may sometimes come into collision. Undoubtedly: that is the important point. Not only may they come into collision, but they have done so, and convulsed the country with war. The chief and only practical political questions, therefore—for abstract speculations about sovereignty are vain—is the adjustment of this conflict whenever it arises. What has Mr. TRUMBULL to say about it? Nothing. What has his Democratic party, whose doctrine of the Constitution, as he states it, is not different from the Republican view, to say about it? Nothing whatever. Both parties profess loyalty to the Constitution. Both concede a State and a national authority. Both admit the possibility of a conflict. It was the want of a common agreement upon a method of settlement which occasioned the civil war. Here, then, is a real public question, How shall the conflict be adjusted peaceably? It is at this very point that Mr. TRUMBULL ceases to explain. He is at the end of his tether. Why? Because the Democratic party proposes no settlement whatever. It leaves the only important point purposely "obscure." It does not dare to take the only true ground, because to take it would rupture the party. The only indication of a Democratic policy or provision is this shambling, vague talk of Mr. TRUMBULL'S:

> "The pledge to the traditions of the fathers, therefore, means nothing more than a return from the centralizing tendencies, the extravagance, profligacy, and corruption of modern Republicanism, to the constitutional rights of the States and the nation, and to simplicity, honesty, and purity in the administration of the government."

How shall the constitutional rights of the State and the nation be determined when they come into conflict? To this question, which disposes of the very root of the civil war, the Republican party offers a conclusive answer, and the Democratic party none whatever. The Republican Convention which nominated General GARFIELD says, clearly and admirably:

> "The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract: out of confederated States it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied to the nation, while others are denied to the States; but the boundary between the powers delegated and those reserved is to be determined by the national and not by the State tribunals."

This, and not Mr. TRUMBULL'S assertion, is the definite Republican doctrine. It declares the double authority and the limitation, and it distinctly provides for the settlement of a conflict of authority. Now what did the Democratic Convention which nominated General HANCOCK say upon the subject?

> "Opposition to centralizationism....Home rule."

That is all. Two or three vague phrases, and no more. The platform was made for the disciples of the Viginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98 to stand upon. It was meant to seem to say something, and to leave everything upon this subject unsettled. We assert, therefore, directly against Mr. TRUMBULL'S assertion, that the Republican position upon the subject of national and State sovereignty is simple and constitutional. It is the only one that is not "obscure," and the Democratic position the only one that is intended to be illusive.

## WHY BLACK-MAIL IS PAID.

THOSE who think that the prospects of reform in the civil service were never so faint as at present because the evil has not been radically remedied by this Administration, may take heart from the reflection that its prospects were never so encouraging. However the Administration may be thought to have failed, it has nevertheless done very much more for reform than any Administration in our history, and there was never so intelligent and general an expression in the press both of the nature of the evil and of the necessity of a radical reform. Undoubtedly Democratic office-holders are assessed by Democratic committees, and Republican office-holders by Republican committees. It is an outrageous wrong; but it is only a symptom, and it will not disappear until the disease itself is touched. The important fact to consider is not that committees assess, and send their circulars through the mails to office-holders—which can not be prevented, since the mails are free, and committees regulate themselves—but that office-holders feel a freedom to refuse payment which they never felt before. This freedom is due to their consciousness of the good faith of the Administration. So far as its power extends, no officer who declines to pay an assessment will suffer; and Mr. JAMES, the Postmaster of New York, has officially announced this fact to those employed in the Post-office. This, in itself alone, is a sign of the progress in opinion already made; and when it is added that the appointments in the Post-office are made by a fair competition, and not by mere favor, and that under this system the Post-office, which is the largest, is also confessedly the best, in the country, it is absurd to say that there has been no progress in reform.

It is true that assessments are still levied, and still paid by many who are assessed. But, as we said, outside assessments can not be prevented. Within the service, however, they are prevented, and the head of a bureau in Washington who was said to have offered his subordinates the alternative of paying or leaving has expressly denied it. But it is plain enough why many clerks and others pay. They know that the committees have a list of the names of all persons employed in the great offices, and that every man is checked as paying or not paying. They know also that reform doctrines are not popular with political committees and politicians. They can not be sure how soon a change may come, or whether the next head of the office will be a reformer or not. They are sure to-day; they will be probably sure to-morrow; but there is a chance against them, and they would rather pay black-mail than take the chance. This is the reason that many still pay assessments under an Administration which, so far as it can, protects them if they do not.

When the law which creates the offices regulates the tenure, and prevents political control of minor appointments, committees may assess, but officers will decide, without fear of consequences, whether to pay or to refuse payment. Until then no Executive order insuring immunity will be valid beyond the term of an Administration. Meanwhile the whole subject of reform was never more generally urged than it is now; the perfect practicability of the reformed method has never before been demonstrated, and we see with pleasure the readiness evinced to adopt the proposition of a correspondent of the *Nation* to enter upon an organized agitation of the question. The existing association of which Dr. BELLOWS is president may perhaps serve as a nucleus for the movement, which is in its nature non-partisan, and which should be independent of all other movements. Its objects, we presume, would be arousing and informing the public mind, and maturing such legislation as might be thought expedient. The machinery of such a club would be simple, and we have no doubt that ample means could be found for the support of a central club to be affiliated with others throughout the country. There is a noble desire among many young men to do something to purify and elevate politics, and this would offer the highest object and the most practical and efficient means.

## "BOSSES."

IT is a signal illustration of the condition of the Democratic party, and one which throws great light upon the general defection from that party of the intelligent floating vote of the country, that Mr. JOHN KELLY has become its supreme "boss" in New York, and General BUTLER in Massachusetts. It is unnecessary for Republicans in either State to describe either of those potentates, because the Democratic papers during the few last years have exhausted the language in pointing out what they have called their treacheries, knaveries, and general worthlessness. General BUTLER, for instance, has been a standing Democratic argument against the Republican party, while the "regular" Democratic press of New York has depicted Mr. JOHN KELLY as a vulgar JUDAS or clownish GUY FAWKES plotting to sell or to blow up his party.

General BUTLER, having now fully satisfied himself that the Republican party has done with him, announces himself a Democrat, and at once takes command of the party in his State, apprising Judge ABBOTT and Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS and Mr. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, and the other gentlemen who have recoiled with loathing from all political contact with him, that they will now obey his orders. The General thereupon graciously notifies Judge ABBOTT that he may be an elector at large, and he permits Mr. ADAMS to be a fellow Vice-President of the Convention, and next year he will compel them to support him for the Chief Magistracy of Massachusetts. Of Mr. JOHN KELLY'S course we gave some account last week. After a long conflict with Mr. TILDEN, who has had the credit of being the most astute as well as the richest and most experienced of Democratic politicians, and who has been sustained by the respectability and "regularity" of the party, Mr. KELLY, who has bolted the nominations, and defeated his party at the polls, has now forced Democratic respectability and regularity to his feet, and has dictated the terms upon which he will give his party its only chance of carrying the State of New York. If the Democratic party united were sure of carrying the State, and if the bargain lately concluded were sure to unite it, the Democratic prospect would be encouraging. But we have already shown, both from the electoral figures and from the situation, that this is mere assumption; and while New York is always a doubtful State, the chances this year are wholly with the Republicans.

But in a national contest to be decided by the public judgment of the general character and probable course of the two parties, the ascendency of "bosses" like BUTLER and KELLY becomes a very important element. Even if the election were a mere choice between "bosses," the chances would certainly favor the Republican side, for the simple reason that the last few months have shown in this respect both Republican independence and Democratic subserviency. One of the powerful and successful inducements for the independent vote to support Mr. TILDEN in 1876 was the Democratic nomination of Mr. ADAMS as Governor of Massachusetts. Following the nomination to the Presidency of Mr. TILDEN, the "reform" Governor of New York, this was accepted as an indication of a real Democratic regeneration, and it gave an immense impetus to the Democratic canvass. But now that after the dismal revelations of the cipher conspiracy, and the extra session, and the GARCELON infamy, Mr. JOHN KELLY turns up as the Democratic boss in place of Mr. Tilden in New York, and General Butler in place of Charles Francis Adams in Massachusetts, while tissue ballots and false counting are the Democratic reliance in the Southern States, it is not surprising that intelligent voters who supported the Democratic nominations in 1876 as the most probable way of securing reform and progress, support the Republican nominations in 1880 for the same reason.

## PROGRESS BACKWARD.

A fair statement of the feeling of many people in the Southern States—a feeling which they doubtless justify to themselves—is made by a gentleman from that part of the country, who said, recently, "I was looking over the records of my native town, near Boston, and I found that the original draft of the political and religious creeds, signed by the one hundred and twenty original settlers, concludes as follows: 'That we shall by all means labor to keep off from us all such as are contrary-minded, and receive only such with us as may probably be of one heart with us.' This was in 1639. The towns-people whipped Quakers into Boston and back because they were contrary-minded. In a more modern way we in the Southern States try to keep away every one who is contrary-minded, and receive only such as may be of one heart with us."

This gentleman, it appears, is from Massachusetts. He will therefore observe that the colored natives of his adopted State are the original settlers, and, according to his theory, it is open to them to hustle and harry this gentleman and the "likes of him" out of the State. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. In Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi the majority of the original inhabitants are colored. If, therefore, they choose to refuse to tolerate the contrary-minded—in other words, if they resort to anarchy—they only do what the settlers of the Massachusetts town did with the Quakers. This is pretty logic. It was the reasoning of Gengis Khan and the French terror of '93.

This gentleman can not complain, of course, if the people of the Northern States combine to keep off from them the contrary-minded people of the Southern States. To men of sound constitutional and patriotic views in this part of the country it seems quite as undesirable that men who hold Southern views of the Constitution should control the government as it does to the Southern white Democrats that the colored vote should decide State elections. The gentleman's reasoning would justify those Northern people in very summary measures with the contrary-minded Southerners who are not of one heart with us in this part of the country. The gentleman may be very sure that the way out of the sectional trouble is not to adopt the spirit of the worst practices of colonial settlers two hundred and fifty years ago.

## A LONG PASTORATE.

The Rev. Dr. James Brownlee, one of the most widely known and beloved citizens of Richmond County, of which for many years he was the efficient School Commissioner, lately celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate of the Reformed Church at Port Richmond, Staten Island. Dr. Brownlee mentioned some very interesting figures illustrating the hard work of a conscientious clergyman. During his long pastorate he has preached 4006 different sermons, and has prepared 4680, showing about 700 which from absence, sickness, exchanges, or other causes he has not preached. Besides these he has made every week two carefully prepared addresses at prayer-meetings, and he has preached about 400 funeral sermons, a kind of discourse of which the Doctor—or the Dominie, as he is often called by the older members of his parish—very much doubts the advantage. He has preached among his people altogether more than 9000 times.

Of the seventy members of the church when he came to it, one only survives upon the island, in feeble health, and three others are living elsewhere. There have been received in the communion of the church during the years of his pastorate 489 members, of whom 304 made confession of faith, the others coming from other churches. Dr. Brownlee has baptized 834 infants and 72 adults; he has married 571 couples, and he has attended about 400 funerals.

"I am now," says the Doctor, "the oldest minister in the Classis of New York except two. By every rule of years and of service I ought to feel myself a very old man, and yet I can not realize that it is so. Providence has favored me beyond most in point of health, and I trust to be able to do some work yet in the Master's cause. I have no dearer wish than to be permitted to break the bread of life to you as long as brain and tongue hold out. I can ask no greater favor of you than to be accorded the same patient indulgence which I have always received at your hands, always remembering that we shall utterly fail of our purpose, I in my preaching and you in your hearing, unless you shall secure the Word unto your hearts and cherish it there; and close by invoking God's richest blessings on you all, and on the church which we love."

The respect and regard which his own parish cherish for Dr. Brownlee are felt by the entire community in which he lives. *Serus redeat cœlum!* But when the day shall come, it will be said of him as of Goldsmith's village preacher:

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

## MR. NASBY'S EXPOSITION OF DIMOCRISY.

Mr. Nasby has been assisting General Hancock to receive deputations, as Major Jack Downing used to assist General Jackson. But the Injeany soft-money Democrats and the Noo York hard-money Democrats, the Pennsylvany protectionists and the Illinoy free-traders, so confounded a worthy soldier whose length of leg for straddling must fill the soul of ex-Governor and ex-candidate Hendricks with admiration and envy, that "it wuz high time" for an experienced Democratic statesman like Mr. Nasby to intervene. He poured oil "onto the troubled waters," and even Republicans must acknowledge the truthfulness of his remarks:

> "Dimocrisy is a comprehensive word, and kivers a great deal uv ground. Our Injeany frend wants onlimited money—he may cherish his noshun and still be a good Dimecrat. Our Noo York frend wants hard money—he shel cherish his beleef. The Ginral and me hev no dejeckshuns. Likewise ez to the tariff and free trade. There is room for all, and plenty to spare for all other beleefs.
>
> "But the primary, central, controllin ijee uv Dimocrisy is Post Offis. That is the central sun—the great inspirin ijee, wich swallers up and drowns out all the rest. For twenty long years we hev bin fastin, with the government granary in full vew, and it is time to put an end to it. Wat is a tariff compared to our holdin the puss-strings uv the nashun? Wat is the tariff question ez compared with custom-houses and furrin mishns? Ginral Hancock may not be learned on these questions, but he knows enuff to sign his name to commishns, and that is the fust rekisit uv a Dimecratic President.
>
> "We are perfeckly willin that yoo shel hev yoor differences, but in the interest of Post Offis we wood sejest that yoo defer any menshun uv em till after the eleckshun. Then the Ginral and me are perfeckly willin that yoo shel fite over em all yoo choose. It will then be a matter uv perfeck indiffrence to us wat Dimocrisy meens. Possibly, when each uv yoo goes home with his commishn in his pockit, you will be able to see things diffrent, and these questions won't look so important to yoo ez they do now.
>
> "Wat the Dimocrisy wants is success. We want the Post Offises and the other places. Prinsipple is a mighty good thing to talk about, but Post Offis is the end we are aimin at."

How faithfully Mr. Nasby speaks for his party is shown by the earnest appeal of the Utica (New York) *Observer*, which exclaims, with all of Mr. Nasby's fervor:

> "Think what is at stake this fall—Assemblymen, county officers, internal revenue places, post-offices, United States Court officers, and miscellaneous appointments, aggregating a total of two hundred and thirteen places in the county of Oneida."

## THE PRESIDENT AT CANTON.

The President is wisely making a visit to California, and he has been received with the hearty good feeling which shows how sincerely the truly patriotic character of the Administration is approved by the people. At the outset of his journey he made a speech at the re-union of the Twenty-third Ohio Veterans, at Canton, in that State, which enforced the suggestions of his previous speech to the soldiers at Columbus. He calls attention to the statistics of ignorance in the Southern States, where in 1870 there were more than four millions of persons of school age and over who could not read or write, and more than three-quarters of a million of voters who could not prepare or read their own ballots, and it is an evil not rapidly diminishing. There are 200,000 Indians in the Territories who ought soon to become the care of the Bureau of Education. In New Mexico only one-sixth of the school population are enrolled in schools, and probably a quarter of the immense body of foreign immigrants are illiterate.

The President is of opinion that in the present condition of the country universal education requires the aid of the national government, for which the authority is established by a line of precedents, and he quotes the remark of the School Superintendent of Virginia that most of the Southern States are not able adequately to educate their people.

From this point the President passes to a brief statement of the happy condition of the country in other aspects. During the four years of the war, and the fifteen that have since elapsed, the country has paid more than $4,275,000,000 on account of the war—an average of $225,000,000 per year of war expenditure for the last nineteen years. It is this prodigious payment of which Mr. Gladstone has expressed his admiration as a conclusive proof of national health and vigor. The President finds the present prospect of trade and industry most promising—a prospect which, with civil and religious liberty guaranteed by a stable government, attracts a vast immigration to our shores. The President can not well say what his hearers and readers feel, that very much of this happy situation is due to his wise and just administration.

## CRIME AS STATESMANSHIP.

The *History of the Zulu War*, by Miss Frances Colenso, recently published in England, shows what a "spirited foreign policy" and a "scientific frontier" mean. The stories of Lord Clive and of Warren Hastings in India are not those of which humane and honorable Englishmen can be very proud. The Chinese opium war was not glorious for the English arms, and the Beaconsfield invasions of Afghanistan and of Zululand look very like crimes when they are rationally considered.

The Beaconsfield doctrine that it is always proper to defend "British interests" is, in other words, the doctrine that a strong power may do what it chooses with a weak one. "Interests" is a term which is elastic, and will cover any ambitious enterprise. The Zulus were apparently peaceable and excellent neighbors whose territory was wanted, and as they gave no occasion for taking possession of it, occasion had to be made. Making it was Sir Bartle Frere's duty, according to Miss Colenso, and he did his duty. There are plenty of witnesses to the good character of the Zulus, but a spirited foreign policy can not stop at honor and humanity.

The experience of the last few years has shown that there is an England beyond the clubs and the pavements. It was to this England that Mr. Gladstone's *Bulgaria* appealed, and it was this England which dismissed the consummate political charlatan Lord Beaconsfield. It is to this England that such a book as Miss Colenso's is addressed. She is upon the spot. She has been long and intimately familiar with the facts. England in general knows of South Africa only by what the government communicates or political correspondents write. But here is an impartial witness, an Englishwoman, who says of her own knowledge, amply corroborated, that England has been dragged into a crime. Her evidence will at least have the good effect of fostering distrust of the Administration with whose blunders, or worse, the present English Administration is dealing.

## A VOICE FROM A YOUNG LADY'S INSTITUTE.

The Rev. William R. Atkinson, "Principal of the Charlotte Institute for Young Ladies," Charlotte, North Carolina, has sent us a letter written in a tone of which the reverend gentleman will no doubt be heartily ashamed when he sees it in print. The Rev. Mr. Atkinson objects to our political opinions, and the manner in which they are expressed, and defies us to "compare the amounts stolen under Grant and a Republican Congress with what has been saved by a Democratic Congress, and to compare the credit of the State governments of the South under Democratic rule with what they were under *your* party."

The conclusion of this effusion is a pleasing illustration of the political spirit of the reverend head of the Charlotte Institute for Young Ladies, Charlotte, North Carolina:

> "What have Republican Administrations given us since the war but records to make the nation stink in the nostrils of decent people in all parts of the civilized world. The disgraceful disclosures of Grant's have not yet ceased. Hayes rewards all the scoundrels whose perjury gave him enough votes to make him President, and you are now, in your delight at an escape from *worse* candidates, glad to support a perjured bribe-taker, who sold his Congressional patronage for $5000, and a salary grabber! This is your *moral* party! I don't wonder that only thieves and scoundrels and niggers support the Republican party in the South, when no better represent it at the North as candidates for the highest office in the Union."

If this is the political tone of young ladies' institutes in so peaceful a campaign, the feeling of Nasby and his friends at Bascom's may be readily inferred.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, for many years the London correspondent of the New York *Daily Times*, is making a brief trip to the United States, and last week was given a pleasant airing around the harbor of New York and up the Sound. The steamer *Blackbird* was placed at the disposal of the party by the Hon. John H. Starin, and among the guests were General Chester A. Arthur, General George H. Sharpe, Mr. William Winter, and other gentlemen distinguished in political and literary circles. Mr. Hatton is the author of several novels that have attained wide popularity, among which may be named *Clytie*, *The Valley of Poppies*, *Christopher and Kenrick*, while his last, the *Queen of Bohemia*, has had a notable success. Like Dickens, Mr. Hatton has been honored with large audiences in England to listen to his readings from his own books, and in October next he will give, at the Madison Square Theatre, a dramatic recital of one of his novels. Harper & Brothers are about to add to the "Franklin Square Library" his latest fiction, *Three Recruits, and the Girls They Left Behind Them*, which the London *Times* and other English journals commend for its "remarkable charm" as a "picture of life and manners in the first days of the present century." Apart from the story, which is spoken of as highly dramatic, the dresses and furniture of the period are those which England to-day is reviving in the toilets of Mayfair and the domestic architecture of London. *Three Recruits* is said to be one of the best and most characteristic novels of the London season.

—Among the distinguished foreigners now in New York may be mentioned Professor Coneba, a Waldensian pastor from Florence, who comes to this country as a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to meet in Philadelphia September 22. Professor Coneba is the editor of the *La Rivista Cristiana*, and author of a history of the Italian martyrs, about to be published. He is regarded as the ablest man and leader in the Waldensian Church in Italy.

—Mr. George I. Seney, president of the Metropolitan National Bank of this city, whose large benefactions have heretofore been mentioned in these columns, has just added $75,000 to his former gifts to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, and has promised to give $50,000 more if friends of the university will raise $100,000 within the coming year. That is a species of hint which opulent Methodists are generally prompt to take and act upon.

—The Comte de Paris will soon publish the fifth and sixth volumes of his *History of the American Civil War*. The count is the grandson of King Louis Philippe, and is now forty-two years of age. In the autumn of 1861, accompanied by his brother the Duc de Chartres and their uncle the Prince de Joinville, they came to this country, and were warmly received by the government at Washington, who proposed that the young princes should serve on General McClellan's staff. They entered the service with the rank of captains of volunteers, stipulating that they were to receive no pay, and should be free to resign their appointments whenever they might wish to do so. They served on General McClellan's staff till the conclusion of the campaign in Virginia, in June, 1862, when they returned to Europe. The count is a man of decided ability, and has written several works that have been received with public favor.

—Mr. George Augustus Sala, in one of his pleasant, gossipy pages in the London *Illustrated News*, thus answers a correspondent:

> "B. W. A. inquires 'whether the gentleman who used to write under the *nom de plume* of Azamut Batuk is still living,' and whether I can give the 'true name and nationality of the gentleman in question.' In reply I beg to state that the vivacious journalist who used to give himself out (in print) to be a Turk, and who wrote so many sprightly essays on English manners, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some ten years ago, is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, alive and well—at least I had the pleasure to meet him at the Brevoort House, New York, last December. He was then, I think, attached to a New York paper called the *Sun*. Azamut Batuk and I campaigned (journalistically) together in and about Metz and Nancy at the outset of the Franco-German war in 1870. Afterward he went, I think, to Spain as special correspondent for an American paper during the Carlist war. Touching his nationality, I think that I have heard him say that he was born at Bologna, but that his parents were French. His name is a French one; but what that name is I am wholly unable to remember. Of such are the tricks that Memory plays us."

Azamut Batuk is Mr. N. L. Thieblin, a gentleman well known in journalistic circles in New York, especially for his regular article in the Sunday issues of the *Sun*, entitled, "What is Going on in Europe." These appear over his initials, and have been a feature of that paper for two or three years past. Mr. T. is also well known as an operator in stocks, and could write, better, perhaps, than almost any man in New York, an accurate and piquant description of the men, manners, money, and machinery of Wall Street, and the elevating and purifying influences that give peace and solace to the quiet people who daily go down thither solely for purposes of rest and recreation.

—Judge F. G. Gedney, of the Eighth District Court of this city, was recently in London, familiarizing himself with the details of the local government of the metropolis, especially its police and sanitary regulations. The result of his observations will be published on his return, and will command the attention which intelligent New-Yorkers uniformly accord to the efforts of gentlemen of ability and experience.

—It is stated quite positively in a Leeds paper that the real name of Lilian Adelaide Neilson was Elizabeth Ann Brown, and that her having been born at Saragossa, in Spain, of a Spanish father and an English mother, is simply a fable. She was born in St. Peter's Square, Leeds, on the 3d of March, 1839. In the theatrical profession she was known and esteemed as one of the most amiable and charitable of women, and remarkably unassuming, considering her professional and pecuniary success.

—The present dramatic critic of the London *Times*, Mr. Mowbray Morris, son of the late manager of that paper, is the author of a bright article on Chatterton in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. He is quite a young man, but has given evidences of ability, culture, and aptitude that are rapidly placing him in an honorable position among English critics.

—Mr. Elliott F. Shepard, of this city, a son-in-law of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, has ordered of Mr. Larkin J. Mead, the sculptor, a colossal figure representing the Mississippi River, the figure to be a reclining one, surrounded by fruits and animals. It is to be executed in white marble.

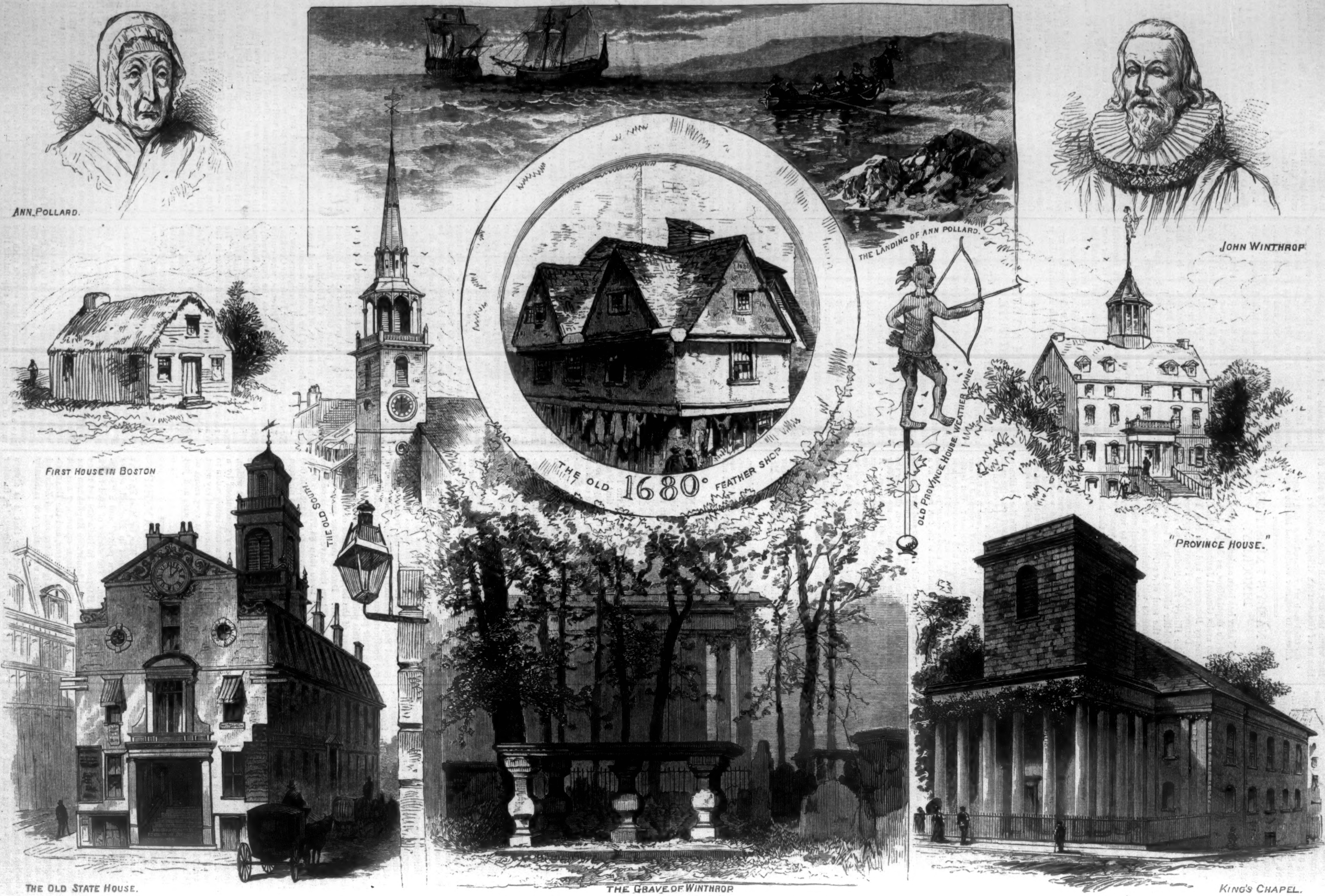
—The author of the popular song, "My country, 'tis of thee," the Rev. S. F. Smith, is still living, at Newton, Massachusetts. He wrote the song, which has become almost national, on a scrap of waste paper, on a dreary February day forty-eight years ago, while at Andover Seminary.

—The most extensive cotton planter in the world is Colonel Edward Richardson, of Jackson, Mississippi, whose lands lie on the banks of the river, and who last year raised 13,000 bales from 17,000 acres. At the price at which fair medium cotton sold last year, Colonel Richardson probably realized about $650,000 for his crop.

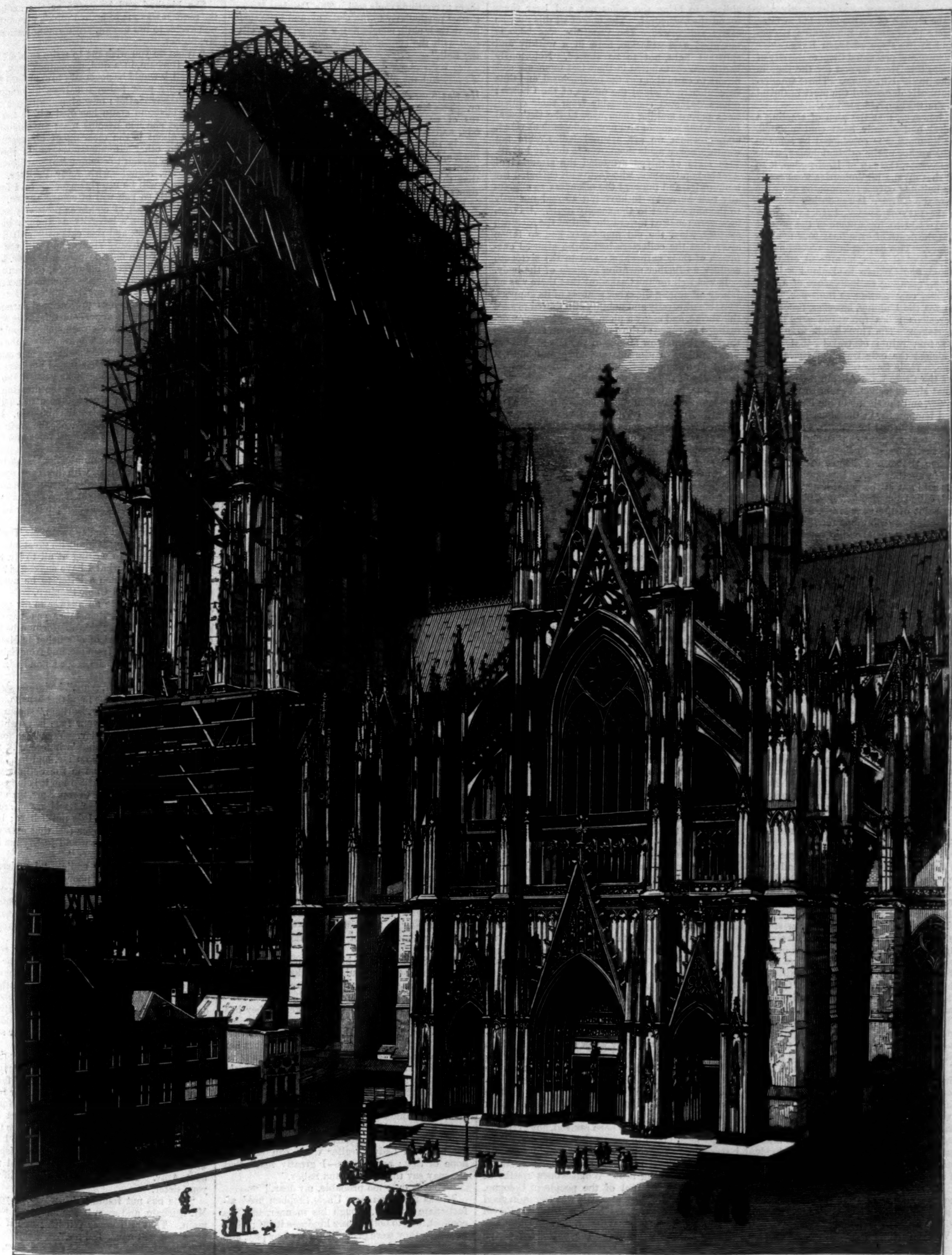
—Authors, publishers, and literary and artistic men generally in London are much gratified at the bequest of $5000 made by the late Miss Neilson to Mr. Joseph Knight, one of the ablest critics connected with the London press, and a gentleman who enjoys in a remarkable degree the regard of all literary folk in London, where he is pleasantly known and spoken of as "Good Night." He was one of the first to discover and encourage the histrionic talent of Miss Neilson, and contributed largely in placing her merits promptly and properly before the public.

—No wonder that foreign warblers and actors come to America, where they obtain more than thrice the pay of ambassadors. Paolo Marié, who has just returned, under Mr. Grau's management, is to receive $100 for each of her performances, while Capoul, who is to sing in fifty concerts, under Ullmann, is to be paid $200 for each. But these are mere zephyrs compared with the breezy proposition of Wagner, who is willing, if America will raise $1,000,000 for him, to expatriate himself, dwell with us, produce all his operas here, and devote the remnant of his art life—he is now sixty-two—to the U. S. For that trifling pecuniary bagatelle the gifted Wagner is willing to immolate himself.

—The late Nathaniel Cushing Nash, of Boston, who died a few days since, left an estate valued at about $1,000,000, of which he bequeathed to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts $10,000; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $10,000; Boston Young Men's Christian Union, $3000. His sole heir and only child, Mr. N. C. Nash, is now eighteen years of age, and the will having been made in 1874, when his son was twelve years of age, he provides that if his son dies before he is twenty-one years of age, then there shall be paid to the town of South Scituate, the native place of the deceased, the sum of $40,000, for the erection and maintenance of a high school in that town. He also gives, under the same condition, $10,000 to South Scituate for a poor fund. It is not at all improbable that the son will see that both of these amounts are paid over to the town in accordance with the spirit of his father's will. He will attain his majority in about two and a half years. His trustees are also authorized, should a subscription be started for the purpose of erecting a statue of the late Theodore Parker, to contribute the sum of $5000 for such a purpose.


ANN POLLARD.
THE LANDING OF ANN POLLARD.
JOHN WINTHROP
FIRST HOUSE IN BOSTON
THE OLD SOUTH.
THE OLD 1680. FEATHER SHOP
OLD PROVINCE HOUSE WEATHER VANE
"PROVINCE HOUSE."
THE OLD STATE HOUSE.
THE GRAVE OF WINTHROP
KING'S CHAPEL.

ANTIQUE BOSTON.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 615.]



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, RECENTLY FINISHED AFTER SIX CENTURIES.

## COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

"Oh! for the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,
Studious that He might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers, whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony—
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon Empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!"

Could Wordsworth gaze now upon the majestic pile whose unfinished towers gave rise to this beautiful sonnet, he would no longer have reason to call upon the heavenly powers to supplement the undertaking of man. After a lapse of six centuries since the first stone was laid, Cologne Cathedral stands complete, and this upon the designs included in the original plan. Within the last sixty years it has been given to the world to see the shame of allowing the work so justly styled by Hood a "broken promise to God" to remain such. Public enthusiasm has been excited; royalty has extended a helping hand; the original plans for portions of the building discovered. Forests of scaffolding have arisen, and for threescore years the sound of the builder's hammer has resounded about the old walls. To this generation has been given the honor and glory of placing the finishing touches upon the finest religious edifice ever reared upon earth.

The famous *Dom Kirche* is the third great church which Cologne has known. Tradition reports the first to have been built by St. Maternus, a local saint, and mentions the place where it stood, but nothing more. The second was founded by Hildebold, Bishop and first Archbishop of Cologne. The interior was reported to have been richly adorned, and here was stored up, among other valuables, a wonderful library of manuscripts which this book-loving prelate had gathered together. In 1089 the Cathedral took fire, and destruction seemed inevitable, when the bones of St. Cunibert were hastily brought, and the flames as hastily subsided. But two centuries later, as certified by a papal bull of the day, it again took fire, on the occasion of some civil tumult, and no saint interfering, the flames made the most of their opportunity, and burned it to the ground. There was now great need of a new Cathedral, not only to replace the old one, but to receive a treasure which has contributed more than any other cause to the glory of Cologne.

This was nothing less than the bones of the "Three Kings," better known to English readers as the Wise Men, or Magi, who have given their name in Germany to the feast of the Epiphany. The story of their wanderings, and the final transferring of their bones to Cologne, is elaborately told in a curious old *Volkbuch*, originally written in Latin by Johannes von Hildesheim for the edification of that city. The names of the monarchs were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. They were respectively kings of Tharsis, the land of myrrh, of Arabia, where the soil is ruddy with gold, and of Saba, where frankincense flows from the trees. After their return from Bethlehem they were visited in their old age by St. Thomas, when he came to preach the Gospel in India, and he baptized and ordained them. They died soon afterward, and were buried together, and many miracles were wrought at their tomb. Thither came the devout Empress Helena, and found their bones, which she carried to Constantinople, and laid in the church of St. Sophia; but in later days they were presented to Eustorgius, Bishop of Milan, and at the siege of Milan Barbarossa took them thence and presented them to the city of Cologne, where they were housed for the time in the old Cathedral of Hildebold. These wonderful relics naturally demanded the most beautiful shrine that the world could produce.

It seems, however, that the plan of erecting a new Cathedral had already been contemplated. Archbishop Englebert is considered by some to have been the author of the original design, while under his successor, Conrad of Hochsteden, it so far ripened that all the preliminaries were ready for the new building only a few months after the destruction of the old one. It was during the siege of Aix, on the 14th of August, 1248, that Archbishop Conrad laid the first stone of the present Cathedral, at the depth of over forty-four feet below the surface. This having been accomplished with all ecclesiastical form, munificent offerings were collected, and Conrad read aloud a letter from the Pope granting an indulgence of a year to all penitents contributing to the work. The chief funds for the building, however, proceeded from the precious relics for whose sake it was chiefly undertaken. The Three Kings were especially the patron saints of travel—that is, of what was almost the only travel of those days—pilgrimage. Their fame was at its zenith at the time of the Crusades. All pilgrims trusted to a *star* that should conduct them to the place of the Nativity, and the shrine of the Three Kings being placed temporarily in the Church of St. Cecilia, Cologne was visited by crowds, who considered a prayer and offering at this shrine as the first step on their journey to Palestine.

At the same time the influence of the shrine was applied in another way. Encouraged by the indulgences held out in the papal letter, a society was formed, called the Brotherhood of St. Peter (the patron saint of the Cathedral), for the purpose of collecting contributions for the building. The qualification for membership consisted simply in having made a pilgrimage to the shrine, and it was open equally to both sexes, who were regularly divided into bodies, and enrolled under the surveillance of various religious orders. This society was of great service, for with their zeal the Pope increased their privileges, the most important of which consisted in exemption from all the local interdicts which bishops hurled and people feared in those days; so that an individual collecting so much in a year (the smallest contribution being fixed at a bushel of wheat), if not personally excommunicated, or a notorious bad liver, could hear mass and receive the sacraments, himself and all his family, even in such places as were under papal ban. Under these circumstances the Brotherhood of St. Peter grew into high fame and influence; and while the members dispersed themselves eagerly, not only throughout the diocese, but throughout Europe, the beautiful choir rose gradually, and on the 27th of September, 1322, in the reign of Archbishop Henry II., Count of Birnenberg, stood ready for consecration, this being the same day on which the old Cathedral of Charlemagne had received the same rite four hundred and fifty years before.

This was a great occasion, and Cologne overflowed with spiritual and worldly dignitaries. After the usual ceremonies without the building, the Archbishop, attended by his suffragans—the Prince-Bishops of Osnaburg, Münster, and Liege, and the Bishops of Minden and Utrecht—entered the choir, where, ashes having been strewn upon the pavement, the Archbishop, in sign of that doctrine of which Christ is the Alpha and the Omega, wrote in them with his sceptre all the letters of the alphabet. From the southeast to the northwest he wrote Greek letters; from the northeast to the southwest he wrote Latin letters, thus forming a cross saltier ×. Then the bones of the Three Kings were brought in with great pomp, and in imitation of the early Christians, who usually erected their churches over the tomb of a saint or martyr, the Archbishop laid the first stone of the shrine that was to contain them. In due time a gilt star was placed above it at the tip end of the choir—a type of that which conducted the Wise Men.

This vital portion of the edifice being completed, the offices of the Church were regularly performed, and the decorations of the interior became a further field for the piety of individual contributors. Archbishop Genney especially, who held the see from 1357, appears as a munificent patron. He presented the black marble altar of the Three Kings, still existing; also the high altar itself, with an elaborate ciborium, fourteen statues of silver gilt—of the Apostles, the Saviour, and the Virgin, the last two each two ells high—which were placed round the altar on all solemn occasions, and lastly the tabernacle, or receptacle for the sacrament, an exquisite structure sixty-two feet high.

The fate of this altar was tragic. In the eighteenth century the Chapter of the Cathedral, possessed with a mania for redecoration, destroyed the beautiful work, and replaced it by what has been called, with just sarcasm, "a kind of Grecian summer-house." The canopies and brackets on the pillars around the altar are singularly beautiful, but the statues show a mannerism and affectation now increased tenfold by the hideous painting they have undergone, which must be assigned to a much later period. Also the chronicles mention four brazen angels, seven feet high, of great beauty, placed at each corner of the altar, and a wonderful clock, wound up once a year, representing the course of the sun and moon and the adoration of the Three Kings.

Meanwhile the Brotherhood of St. Peter continued their rounds, and increased so much in number that in 1336, on occasion of a great meeting in Cologne, the choir and rising aisles were found insufficient to contain them, and the priests were obliged to bring the relics out and bear them round the Cathedral. The end of all this may be easily anticipated. The fraternity was become too good a speculation, both in a worldly and spiritual light, not to be abused. Notoriously bad livers contributed in their last moments sufficient to enrol them in the brotherhood, and thus fraudulently obtained the offices of the Church; others deducted considerably from their collections before making them over to the Cathedral fund, while some of still more independent views, among whom we are assured ladies were not wanting, never made them over to the fund at all. This state of things attracted the attention of Archbishop Genney, who forthwith curtailed the immunities, and pursued the offenders so effectually that he seems to have put an end not only to the abuses, but to the society itself. Its statutes were renewed toward the end of the fifteenth century, when the old popularity had so fallen away that the collectors had to be allowed one-fourth of their gatherings; and in the sixteenth century no further mention is made of the body.

It was well for the Cathedral that there was no falling off among the other sources of its support. The tide of royalty and nobility still flowed toward the shrine, and many a picturesque procession demanded entrance at the guarded gates, and wound through the narrow streets of the city toward the great edifice. Unfortunately, however, it did not profit in due proportion. Its fate depended on the tastes of the reigning Archbishop. If he were peaceable, it advanced; if pugnacious, it halted. The latter disposition was unhappily the more frequent. Archbishop Theodoric von Moers, who reigned from 1414, and fought his neighbors' battles as well as his own, is accused not only of mortgaging the church property, but of helping himself to the jewels from the shrine when pressed by need. Considering, therefore, how the building lagged in progress, it is the more wonderful that its harmony should have been preserved. It advanced so slowly that it was not until 1437, nearly two centuries after the original foundation, that the southern tower was completed. In that year the bells were taken from an old wooden tower formerly used as a belfry to the Cathedral of Charlemagne, and raised into the new tower. The great old crane, whose horn-like butting from the forehead of the tower was for two hundred years as familiar a feature as any in the mighty fabric, doubtless assisted at the transfer. But this seems to have been its last work. A picture by John van Eyck of St. Barbara, dated 1437, has for its background an unfinished tower with a crane at the top, obviously intended for that of Cologne. For fifty years the workmen dawdled over the north side, but a period of religious decline and artistic change had come, not favorable to church building or Gothic architecture. From 1509 the work seems to have come to a stand-still altogether, the north aisle being completed besides the tower. The walls of the south aisles and transepts were but partly built; the nave was not even begun; the southern tower had reached the height of 170 feet, but the northern scarcely showed above the walls.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries nothing was done to the building; but in the eighteenth the Chapter undertook the process of interior redecoration already alluded to. Nearly all that was done was in execrable taste, and many objects of ancient beauty were destroyed to make way for ugly and meretricious designs. At the close of the century, however, the Chapter itself, comprising forty-six members, of whom nearly all were dukes, princes, or counts of the Holy Roman Empire, was dissolved, and the last Archbishop, Maximilian, had to retire from his diocese. During the Napoleonic wars soldiers bivouacked in the Cathedral, and broke ornaments and windows, but seem to have done less mischief than Cromwell's men did in the English cathedrals. The great *Dom Kirche* was reduced to a parish church in the French diocese of Aix-la-Chapelle, with three priests attached to it, and Bertholet, the new French Bishop, unconsciously added insult to injury when he gravely advised the people to plant poplar-trees around their fine Gothic ruins in order to make the most of the effect. Napoleon refused even the scanty pittance asked by the citizens to keep the structure in repair, and it became more dilapidated every year.

Popular interest had been revived, however, and steps were taken to secure the completion of the structure. The condition of the building was officially inquired into and reported. Something of the "inspiring heat" Wordsworth speaks of had kindled the zeal of the people of Cologne, and in 1824 the work of repair was begun in good earnest. Sixteen years later a *Dombau Verein* for bringing the original design to completion was formed and placed under the patronage of the new King, Frederick William IV., who took the matter up very warmly, and promised an annual contribution of 50,000 thalers toward carrying on the work. On September 4, 1842, nearly six hundred years after the first foundation-stone had been laid, the King himself laid the second, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of civil and ecclesiastical potentates, and a vast concourse of spectators, amid all the grandest musical and ceremonial splendors of Roman Catholic worship.

As the block was lowered the Archbishop adjusted it into its place with the usual form of words. The King descended from the tribune, addressed the multitude with the facility which distinguished him, took the mallet, and amid roars of applause struck the newly laid stone three times. Then, while the mallet passed in turn to all the royal personages, and to every individual of distinction, the Archbishop, the president of the society, and the *Dombau Meister* spoke in succession. The King's speech had been short, patriotic, German—and quite latitudinarian. The prelate's was long, courteous, and most carefully Roman Catholic. The president addressed himself especially to the societies, and encouraged them to continue their zeal. The *Dombau Meister* turned particularly to the artisans, and bade them prove their skill, concluding a manly, honest effusion with the sentiment of Schiller's "Song of the Bell,"

> "Let praise be to the workman given,
> But the blessing comes from Heaven."

He was answered by a "Hurrah" from the tower. The crane moved slowly on its axis, a chorus of workmen's voices rose in sonorous melody, and a block of stone was seen mounting slowly through the air. Every hat was waved, his Majesty's the heartiest of them all, and amidst roars of cannon one stone more was added to that tower where the last had been left above four centuries before.

From that day forward the work proceeded steadily, and on the 14th of August of this year, after a period of exactly 632 years, the magnificent edifice was completed. The building of the Cathedral has been taken up as a matter of national and, indeed, of European interest. The Queen of England was among the first of the royal contributors, and herself assisted to place a bracket in the centre arch of the north front. The interest shown by both Catholics and Protestants in the great work shows that religious intolerance and dissension have had their day. Those who look forward to the time when the differences of Christendom shall give way to peace and harmony will find comfort in the prophetic utterance of the Protestant Prussian official whom Dr. Döllinger quotes in his lectures on the Reunion of Churches: "I am certain," writes this observer of the tendencies of the age, "that the time will come, before the newly inserted stones are mouldered, when a common Te Deum will be sung in the Cathedral at Cologne."

---

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

# A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

## CHAPTER XL.

### "I CAN NOT WRITE IT, AMY."

Uncle Stephen and Amy had been sitting alone together in the dining-room while Lady Pargiter had been closeted with Sabey in the next room. But he received the news of who the visitor was with a listlessness that was almost indifference, and for which Amy was utterly at a loss to account. Perhaps it was but the unconcern of old age; but if it was, that attribute of his period of life had come to him very suddenly. Her first words to him had been an apology for her sister. She regretted, she said, that Sabey had taken so important a step without consulting with the rest of the family, and especially with that member of it who had always had her interests so much at heart as himself. But it was a matter of feeling with Sabey. In her forlorn and miserable case much must be excused to her. She was quite aware that the utmost confidence was Mr. Durham's due, and had expressed herself to that effect.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" sighed Uncle Stephen.

"For my own part," continued Amy, "I can not suppose that any good can come out of such an interview. Sabey fondly hopes to persuade Lady Pargiter to think Matthew—what we know him to be—incapable of an injustice, far less of a crime."

Uncle Stephen bowed his white head. The gesture struck her as peculiar; no doubt it was in assent, yet it seemed rather a mere sign that he was attending to her words.

"For the opinion of the world dear Sabey has tried to persuade herself that she cares nothing. It is not so, alas! Mr. Durham; every dart that is aimed at poor Matthew's reputation reaches her sore and breaking heart; but the chief venom no doubt lies in those words which Lady Pargiter has spoken against him. For to the woman herself no doubt they have some sort of justification."

"No doubt, no doubt," repeated Uncle Stephen, mechanically.

"Of course if Sabey could convince her, it would be a great consolation; but from all one has heard of Lady Pargiter there can be little hope of that; and I fear—I greatly fear—that she may say things to wound Sabey."

"That is only too probable, my dear."

It was not often that Uncle Stephen used affectionate epithets, though his manner, like his conduct, was to both sisters kindness itself; when he did so they were generally evoked by pity, and therefore significant of sorrow. There was sorrow enough, it was true, beneath that roof; but he had hitherto confined this particular expression of his sympathy to the chief sufferer—Sabey herself.

"Another thing that troubles me in this matter, Mr. Durham, is that my sister's taking this step may give umbrage to Mr. Signet. Dear Frank is prejudiced against him; but with respect to Matthew—whatever may be his motives—he has been very loyal, and so far we owe him, at least, consideration. I think he ought to be informed of what has happened."

"That can do no harm," sighed Uncle Stephen.

Amy noticed how despairing was his tone.

"Has anything happened—any bad news—since the morning, Mr. Durham?" she inquired, earnestly. "Oh, pray, pray, be open with me."

"No, my dear, nothing new has happened. You were speaking of Mr. Signet."

"Yes; I think a note should be written to him explaining under what circumstances Sabey has sought this interview, the tidings of which I am sure will be unwelcome to him. Would you mind writing to him?"

She blushed and hesitated as she spoke, for the request was made upon Frank's account, who was averse to her having any communication with Mr. Signet.

"What do you wish me to write to him?" asked Mr. Durham, in a dull, mechanical way.

"Well, it would be necessary to explain, I think, how deeply poor Sabey has been brooding over this unhappy matter; how almost all hope of seeing her husband again has died within her; and that what she has become most anxious and solicitous about is the clearing of his reputation. Under no other circumstances would she have taken upon herself to communicate—without consulting Mr. Signet—with Lady Pargiter. That her scheme will be utterly unsuccessful I feel certain; and if so you will of course say so. That you and I and all of us are as positively satisfied of dear Matthew's integrity as though he were here amongst us, and this catastrophe had never happened, he already knows; but still you might add that. To an outside person like Mr. Signet, exposed to all sorts of influences, one can not, although its reiteration seems to us so unnecessary, repeat too often that conviction."

There was a touch of professional earnestness—the tone of the teacher—in this little speech, which under any other circumstance would have tickled Uncle Stephen. The anomaly in the speaker's manner of laying down the law as contrasted with her youth and beauty would not have failed to attract his attention; it had much the same quaint and charming effect as the dressing up of a very pretty girl in a masculine attire. But, as matters were, all this only gave him pain. He felt the confidence to be misplaced, the logic valueless, the eloquence of faith and voice and feeling thrown away.

"I have had no communication hitherto with Mr. Signet," he replied, with his eyes upon the floor; "and I should really hardly like to write such a letter. If I thought it would do any good, that would be another matter; but it can do no good."

"Do I understand you to mean, Mr. Durham," replied Amy, looking at him with great intentness, "that you object to writing at all to Mr. Signet, or only to writing what I have suggested?"

"I don't think such a letter to be necessary, my dear," answered Uncle Stephen.

"That is not quite an answer to my question, dear Mr. Durham. Remember you have never seen Mr. Signet since this misfortune befell us; all that he has heard of our belief in Matthew's innocence has come from me, and from Sabey. A line from you, whom he respects and admires so much, to the same effect—"

"I can not write it, Amy," he interrupted, suddenly. "Do not ask me; and do not ask me why."

"There is no need, Mr. Durham," she answered, quietly; "I saw it in your face last night, and I read it there again to-day. You have lost your confidence in your nephew's innocence. 'Lover and friends have forsaken me, and my kinsmen stand afar off,' says one in the Scriptures; and that is Matthew's case. To me it is incredible."

"Not more incredible to you, Amy, than to me," groaned the old man. "Besides, you are going too fast. I do not say I do not believe; but it is true that I now no longer feel that extremity of conviction which alone would justify me in confirming the faith of others."

Amy smiled a bitter smile. "I understand," she said; "poor Matt! poor Matt!"

There was silence between them for some moments. Mr. Durham stood at the window nervously stroking his white beard, and conscious, though he avoided their gaze, of Amy's reproachful eyes.

"I had thought," she said, in slow, regretful tones, "that, whatever might have been the world's view, we here, who know him, would have been always loyal to him. To doubt that Matthew will be proved innocent seems to me to doubt Providence itself—to question the justice of Him after whose image he was made. It was an older man than you, sir, who told us he had never seen the righteous forsaken."

"My experience has been wider," was the quiet reply. "You are too wise a woman, Amy, to argue with such weapons in the face of facts. It does not do to substitute the particular for what is meant to be general. We are told, for example, that life is dear; and so it is; yet Heaven knows not to all. 'Never morning wore to evening,' says your favorite poet, 'till some heart did break.' Do folks with broken hearts wish to live, think you? No; neither in this world nor the next, Amy. They have had enough of life. Ask your sister."

"She has not found Faith waver, as you have, Mr. Durham, and even if she had, Love would remain. That will never fail her; and if I know myself, it will never fail *me*."

"Love is blind," replied the old man, mournfully.

"Not love of this kind," said Amy, "whereof respect is the forerunner. I have loved Matthew for the very reason that now makes it impossible for me to impute evil to him. There is no man on earth—if he be yet on earth—whom I revere so much. I take no credit to myself for doing so now, when the world maligns him. Many have been loyal to a worthless king when misfortune has overwhelmed him; shall I be disloyal to a worthy one?"

"Disloyal is a harsh word, Amy, if you apply it to me," said Mr. Durham, sadly. "I have heard you speak with pity of those who would believe yet can not; such is my case. As to love, I once knew a man who was thrown into jail for an imputed crime. One friend came to him and said, 'I believe in your innocence, and will stand by you,' and another came and said, 'I do not feel sure of your innocence, but in any case I will stand by you.' This latter, Amy, was not disloyal."

"I understand, Mr. Durham. May God forgive your lacking faith, as Matthew will if he lives to know it! Hush! Lady Pargiter is going away. I must go to Sabey. You must never tell her—promise me this—that you have—I forget your phrase," she added, bitterly—"lost your faith in Matthew."

"No, indeed; for that, I know, would be to lose her love."

"Yes," answered Amy, coldly, as she turned toward the door, "for it would kill her."

"Good heavens! what have I done?" mused Uncle Stephen, listening mechanically to the closing of the front door and the noise of the retreating chariot wheels. "It is plain that poor girl despises me for telling the truth, or the half truth. There was a great temptation to tell her the whole, for her good opinion is dear to me; but, thank God, I resisted it. I had rather she should be angry with me than that I should break her heart. Yet all must needs be known in time. 'Disloyal,' she said, just as folks say 'infidel' when a man refuses to blind his judgment. They are utterly impracticable, these women; yet how one loves them! And, alas! how they love us! It is said, too," he added, drumming thoughtfully upon the table with his fingers, "that God loves us all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ECHOES FROM DIXIE.

*As sung on a Balcony at the White Sulphur Springs by Seventeen Indignant Southern Brigadiers.*

The Yankees are raising a hullaballoo,
And keeping alive animosity,
By making an awful to-do
About every lettle "atrocity."
We scacely ken wallop a nigger
But wot the whole Radical crew
Gits up a disturbance that's bigger
Than ef he wuz King of Amoo—
They do!
Katow! Katew!
They keep up a hullaballoo!
A hulla-la-hullaballoo!

Shall Nawtheners come heah an' prate of the "rights"
Of niggroes that serve the community,
And tell 'em to vote down the whites—
The gentlemen? Not with impunity!
Tha're apt to git lost in the river,
An' the boys seldom leaves any clew,
But the Rads they keep howlin' forever
Ef any one hes to be slew—
They do!
Katow! Katew!
They keep up a hullaballoo!
A hulla-la-hullaballoo!

All war from our feelin's is very remote;
We sigh fer sweet peace an' prosperity,
But wen you tell niggroes to vote,
It's conduct that calls for severity.
We want to poah oil on the waters,
But ef they are voters like you,
They'll all want to marry our daughters,
Fer that 'll entitle 'em to—
They do!
Katow! Katew!
They keep up a hullaballoo!
A hulla-la-hullaballoo!

We welcome new-comers who with us agree;
But wen they abuse hospitality
We make 'em look up through a tree
With nary delay or formality.
Ef it takes all our fixed ammunition,
We'll see the Democracy through,
Though Radicals, true to their mission,
Object to the plan of Yazoo—
They do!
Katow! Katew!
And keep up a hullaballoo!
A hulla-la-hullaballoo!

We'll give both the niggroes an' Radicals laws,
Fer Southrons wuz born with authority;
Shall they 'uns rule we 'uns because
They happen to hev a majority?
Thet's quarrelsome! Thet's revolution!
The ballot belongs to the Few,
And Radicals—wuss 'n the Russian—
Keep tryin' the war to renew—
They do!
Katow! Katew
They keep up a hullaballoo!
A hulla-la-hullaballoo!

Wen Hancock's elected you'll hear a new note;
We'll crush out this wicked enormity:
The idee that niggroes ken vote
Is a socialist blot an' deformity.
The gentlemen who wuz defeated
In war by the conscripts in blue
Expect, wen their own man is seated,
To work out the Cotton State view—
They do!
Katow! Katew!
And stop all the hullaballoo!
The hulla-la-hullaballoo!

W. A. Croffut.

## ANTIQUE BOSTON.

The city of Boston has now completed its 250th year. Its recognized date of settlement is September 17, 1630. Its founders were part of a large company of emigrants known as the Massachusetts Bay colonists, who sailed from England in twelve ships early in the spring of that year. John Winthrop was their leader, and brought with him a royal charter granting to the colony powers of civil and military administration, and in virtue of it he had been commissioned as its Governor. By the 6th of July all the vessels had arrived. Those of the company who were immediately associated with Winthrop abode at first in Charlestown, where some small beginnings of a settlement had previously been made. But the means of shelter were inadequate for the host thus disembarked, the drinking water was bad, and from these and other causes sickness became very prevalent. Finding that springs of excellent water were numerous on the peninsula of Shawmut, on the other side of the river, some chose very soon to build dwellings there rather than to remain with the Governor at Charlestown. In the Indian dialect Shawmut meant, according to one authority, "living fountains," and according to another, "unclaimed land." At any rate, the Indians did not use the land, and one Blackstone, an eccentric Englishman, was in possession by whatever sanction there is in a "squatter's claim." He was willing, however, to yield up all but fifty acres, and of this reservation forty-four acres, in the course of events, became Boston Common. Shawmut steadily grew in favor among the new-comers, till in September the magistracy of the colony officially recognized it, and at a "Great and General Court" held on the 17th of that month it was voted that Shawmut should be called Boston. Thereafter the removal of households across the river went on rapidly, and ere long the Governor went also. A minority remained permanently in Charlestown. In the nature of the case, visits to the peninsula by exploring parties preceded the very earliest removals for settlement. In one of the first of these parties went a lass of ten years, whose name was Ann ——, afterward by marriage Ann Pollard.

In her old age she related to one who made record of her statement that she "came over in one of the first ships that arrived at Charlestown; that in a day or two afterward a number of young people, including herself, took the ship's boat to cross over to Boston; that as the boat drew up toward the shore she declared she would be first to land, and accordingly, before any one, jumped from the bow of the boat to the beach." She lived to be one hundred years old and upward. Whether on account of her venerable years, or because she was undoubtedly the first of her sex among the white people to tread the soil of Boston, it does not appear, but her portrait was painted after she had completed the century, and the original is yet preserved. From it our artist has copied her lineaments, and her youthful act of enterprise and courage he has also made available for the illustrated page.

Timber being abundant on every side, the first buildings were constructed wholly of wood. Long coarse grass flourished upon the margins of the sea and the briny creeks; the settlers were adepts in the art of thatching roofs, and a little wooden city without a fire-engine or an insurance company at once sprang up. To state the fact is to imply the consequence. Disastrous conflagrations ensued at frequent intervals, until better precautions were observed. In 1654, in 1676, and in 1678 there were what the record calls "great fires." That of 1678 consumed property of the value of £200,000, and the extent of the calamity may be estimated when it is considered that the population did not then exceed 6000. These facts explain in part why it is that no building constructed during the earliest period now remains. One, erected in 1680, was permitted to stand until a recent date upon its original site, close to Faneuil Hall. It was known to the present generation as the "Old Feather Store," feathers having been the principal commodity kept on sale there. It was photographed before being torn down, and is here reproduced on the pictured page. A considerable number of the first settlers no doubt survived to witness the "raising," and share in the refreshments of the occasion.

The Province House dates from the year 1679. It was used for a private dwelling until the year 1716, when it was purchased by the province for the residence of the royal Governors. Its brick walls still stand, but the original interior was many years since destroyed by fire; but long prior to that it had ceased to be used for public purposes. It stands in its reconstructed state in the rear of Washington Street, opposite the Old South Church. Originally there was a spacious court-yard in front of it. In the height of its fame they who passed along the street might have beheld the Lion and the Unicorn blazoned upon its front in honor of the King, and above its cupola, turning as a weather-vane, the gilded figure of an Indian, in recognition of the colony; for this figure was the conspicuous emblem of the colony seal, as it is of the official seal of the State now in use. And the sidewalk lounger might not unfrequently have heard from within its stately halls the sound of revelry, and caught glimpses through the unclosed or uncurtained windows of scarlet coats and powdered wigs and other fineries of the period worn by those who were permitted to bask in the sunshine of viceroyalty at a provincial Governor's reception.

The fame of Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church is national, and an allusion will be sufficient here. The latter was built in 1729, and the former in 1742. The Old State-house, standing at the head of State Street, is, not less than these, worthy of renown. It was built in 1748. While it served for a State-house it had two large chambers, the eastern being for the sessions of the Governor and Council, and the western for those of the General Court and the courts of law. From the eastern balcony proclamation was made of the accession of George III. to the throne, and from it on July 25, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was first publicly read in Boston. In the Hall of Representatives the legislative struggle against the devices of the King and Parliament was sustained for fourteen years by the Adamses, Hancock, Otis, Quincy, and their associates. According to Hutchinson, who was Chief Justice, Governor, and historian of the colony, in this chamber were originated the most important measures that led to the independence of the colonies. In the same chamber was argued, before Hutchinson and four other judges, the famous case of the "writs of assistance." In this case James Otis made the most brilliant argument for the popular side of the controversy. John Adams, who was present as a spectator of the proceedings, said, "Otis was a flame of fire," and added, referring to the delivery of the same speech, "Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain; then and there the child Independence was born."

King's Chapel was built in 1749, but the burial-ground within which it stands dates back to the beginning of the settlement. During the first thirty years it was the sole repository of the dead, and its mortuary stones are the only out-door relics of that primitive period. In our sketch of the cemetery appears in the immediate foreground the monument which stands over the tomb of John Winthrop—a horizontal slab supported by ornamental columns. The inscription contains the name of the Massachusetts Governor, but not of his son, John Winthrop, Jun., and his grandson, Fitz-John Winthrop, both of whom were Governors of Connecticut colony, and whose bodies also were deposited here. Just beyond, standing edgewise in the artist's point of view, is a large vertical tombstone marking the burial-place of the first ruling elder and four of the early ministers of the First Church. Lettered memorials of ancient worthies abound on every side, most of them of humble inscription, but here and there may be seen carved in relief a coat of arms, giving hint of the boast of heraldry, if not of the pomp of power. King's Chapel, as its name might imply, was erected for worship in the Episcopalian form. It is somewhat anomalous that nearly all the tenants of the tombs and graves beside it were of the strictest of the Puritans. The explanation is that inasmuch as the Puritan voters of Boston steadily refused in the early times to permit the Episcopal service to be celebrated in any of the meeting-houses, and no owner of an eligible lot would part with it that an Episcopal church might be built, Governor Andros, of unpleasant memory in Boston, authorized, during his arbitrary rule in the province, the use of a corner of the old grave-yard for a site for a chapel. It was built of wood, and the present stone structure is its successor.

## DOGS AND MASTERS.

Probably the most forlorn and abject creature to be seen on the face of the earth is a masterless dog. Slouching and slinking along, cringing to every human being it chances to meet, running away with its tail between its legs from smaller dogs which under other circumstances it would accost with a gruff who-the-dickens-are-you sort of growl, it forms the very picture of utter humiliation and self-abasement. Grip and I have just come across such a lost specimen of stray doghood, trying to find his way back to his home across the fields—I fancy he belongs to a travelling show which left the village yesterday; and it is quite refreshing to watch the air of superior wisdom and calm but mute compassionateness with which Grip casts his eye sidelong upon that wretched, masterless vagrant, and passes him by without even a nod. He looks up to me complacently as he trots along by my side, and seems to say with his eye, "Poor fellow, he's lost his master, you know—most unfortunate."

This total dependence of dogs upon a master is a very interesting example of the growth of inherited instincts. The original dog, which was a wolf, or something very like it, could not have had any such artificial feeling. He was an independent, self-reliant animal, quite well able to look after himself on the boundless plains of Central Europe or High Asia. But at least as early as the days of the Danish shell-mounds, perhaps thousands of years earlier, man had learned to tame the dog, and to employ him as a friend or servant for his own purposes. Those dogs which best served the ends of man were preserved and increased; those which followed too much their own original instincts were destroyed, or at least discouraged. The savage hunter would be very apt to fling his stone axe at the skull of a hound which tried to eat the game he had brought down with his flint-tipped arrow, instead of retrieving it; he would be most likely to keep carefully, and feed well on the refuse of his own meals, the hound which aided him most in surprising, killing, and securing his quarry. Thus there sprang up between man and the dog a mutual and ever-increasing sympathy, which on the part of the dependent creature has at last become organized into an inherited instinct.

The habit of attaching itself to a particular human being is nowadays ingrained in the nerves of the modern dog just as really, though not quite so deeply, as the habit of running or biting is ingrained in its bones and muscles. Every dog is born into the world with a certain inherited structure of limbs, sense organs, and brain; and this inherited structure governs all its future actions, both bodily and mental. It seeks a master because it is endowed with master-seeking brain organs; it is dissatisfied until it finds one, because its native functions can have free play in no other way.

Not only have dogs as a class acquired a special instinct with regard to humanity generally, but particular breeds of dogs have acquired particular instincts with regard to certain individual acts. Nobody doubts that the muscles of a greyhound are specially correlated to the acts of running and leaping, or that the muscles of a bull-dog are specially correlated to the act of fighting. The whole external form of these creatures has been modified by man's selective action for a deliberate purpose: we breed, as we say, from the dog with the best points. But besides being able to modify the visible and outer structure of the animal, we are also able to modify, by indirect indications, the hidden and inner structure of the brain. We choose the best ratter among our terriers, the best pointer, retriever, or setter among other breeds, to become the parents of our future stock. We thus half unconsciously select particular types of nervous system in preference to others.

Now everybody knows that you can not teach one sort of dog the kind of tricks which come by instinct to a different sort. No amount of instruction will induce a well-bred terrier to retrieve your handkerchief: he insists upon worrying it instead. So no amount of instruction will induce a well-bred retriever to worry a rat: he brings it gingerly to your feet, as if it was a dead partridge. The reason is obvious, because no one would breed from a retriever which worried, or from a terrier which treated its natural prey as if it were a stick. Thus the brain of each kind is hereditarily supplied with certain nervous connections wanting in the brain of other kinds. We need no more doubt the reality of the material distinction in the brain than we need doubt it in the limbs and jaws of the greyhound and the bull-dog.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man, the other day, who believed in such things, went to a fortune-teller. "I," said he, "am madly in love, but I have a rival: unveil the future." "The young lady," was the reply, "will be a widow in three months." That young man went straightway and used every inducement to make the fair one marry his rival.

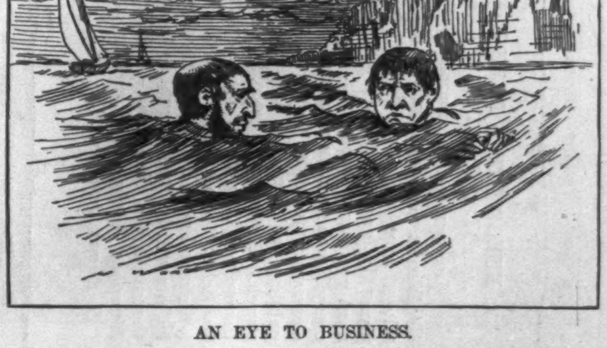
Sagacity of Animals.—A lion "employed" in a menagerie discovered that his "tamer" was involved in debts, and about to be discharged from the establishment. "I can not be separated from my best friend," said the lion to his tamer, weeping. And then he opened his mouth and swallowed him, that the pang of parting might never come.

We received from a correspondent the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers: A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

The baker's business should be profitable: a good part of his stock is rising while he sleeps.

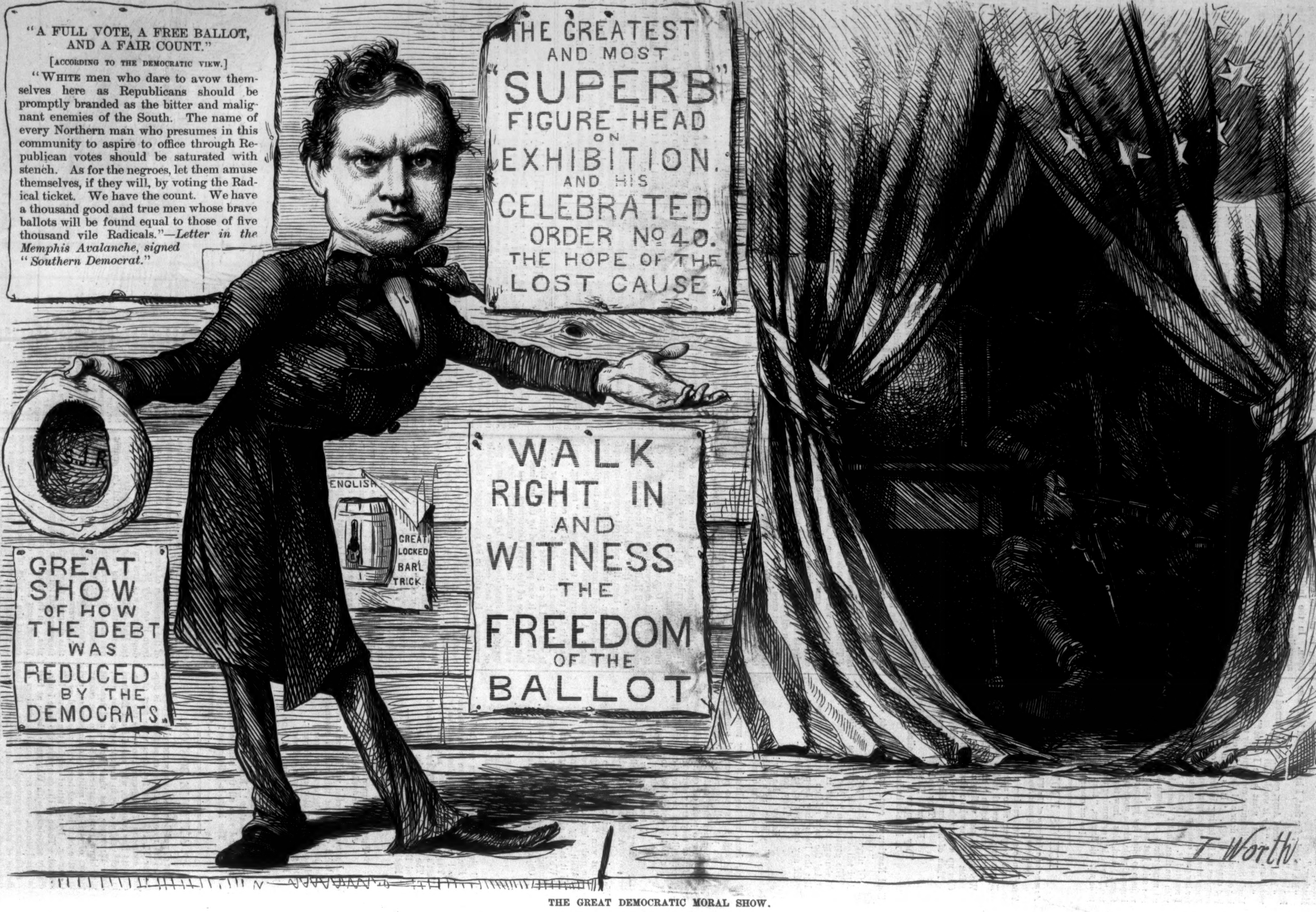
At a New England summer resort: "Waiter!" called a guest, in imperious tone. "The gentleman will be here in a moment," replied the head-man, who wore eyeglasses, and had the air of a professor.

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "'Twouldn't be right," said Mr. Smith; "I'm a married man."

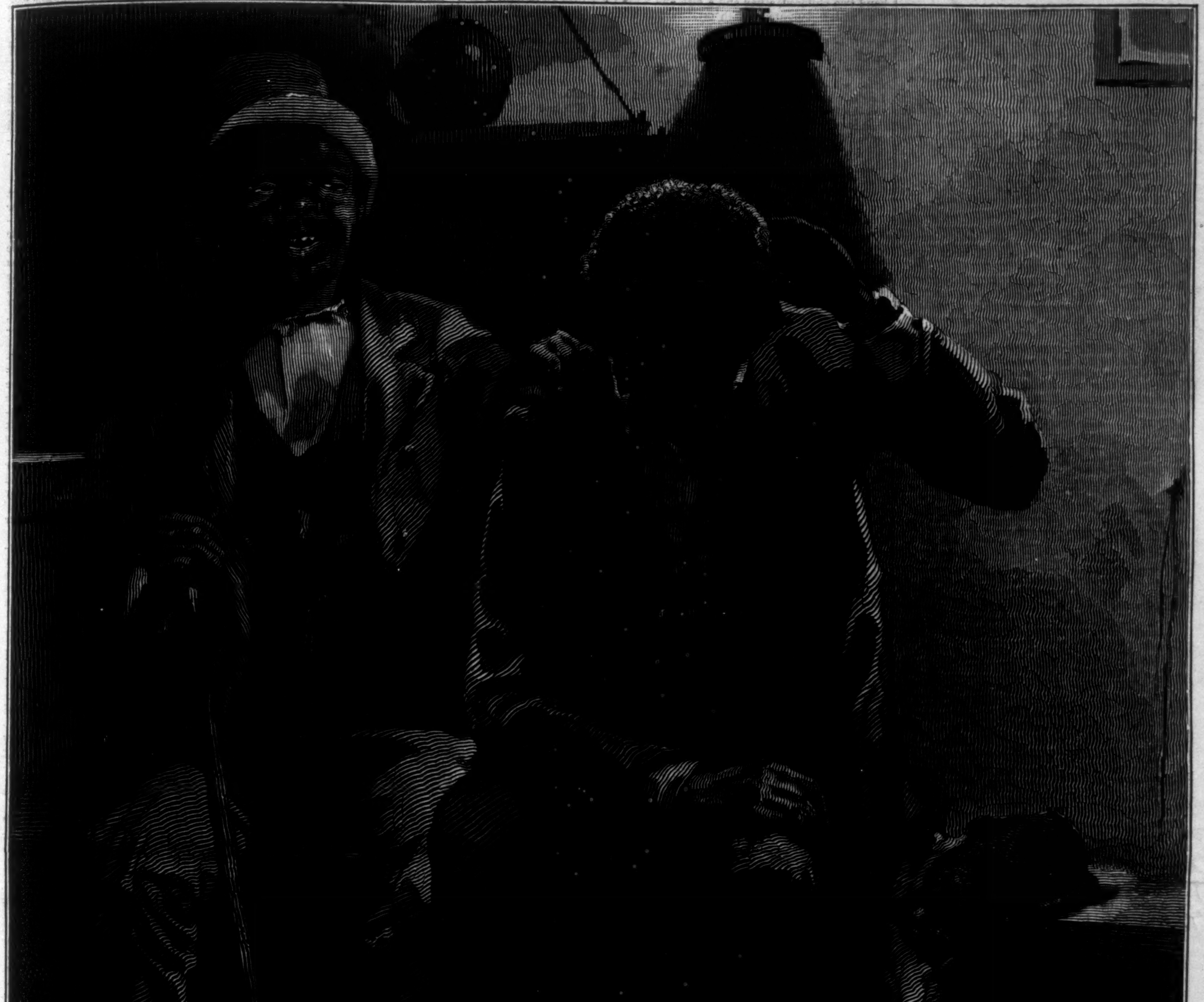


AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Bather. "Mr. Levi, I feel awfully cold."
Mr. Levi. "Cold? Can't I shell you a beautiful vinter overcoat?"


"A FULL VOTE, A FREE BALLOT, AND A FAIR COUNT."
[ACCORDING TO THE DEMOCRATIC VIEW.]
"WHITE men who dare to avow themselves here as Republicans should be promptly branded as the bitter and malignant enemies of the South. The name of every Northern man who presumes in this community to aspire to office through Republican votes should be saturated with stench. As for the negroes, let them amuse themselves, if they will, by voting the Radical ticket. We have the count. We have a thousand good and true men whose brave ballots will be found equal to those of five thousand vile Radicals."—Letter in the Memphis Avalanche, signed "Southern Democrat."
THE GREATEST AND MOST "SUPERB" FIGURE-HEAD ON EXHIBITION. AND HIS CELEBRATED ORDER No 40. THE HOPE OF THE LOST CAUSE.
S.J.R.
ENGLISH
GREAT LOCKED BARL TRICK.
WALK RIGHT IN AND WITNESS THE FREEDOM OF THE BALLOT
GREAT SHOW OF HOW THE DEBT WAS REDUCED BY THE DEMOCRATS.
T. Worth

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC MORAL SHOW.



THE LONG-SUFFERING AND PATIENT RACE.

**COLORED POLITICIAN.** "So, Uncle Tom, I hears you's a-goin' ter vote fer Gen'l HANCOCK?"

**UNCLE TOM.** "No, sah; I votes fer Massa GARFIELD straight, and will be counted out. But, young man, don't laugh, I's waited long for Freedom, and now I'll wait till my Vote *is* counted, and de good Lord knows it *will* be."

## A HARVEST-HOME.

By MARY A. BARR.

It is not long since we with happy feet
Stood ankle-deep in grasses, fresh and green;
While in the apple blossoms, pink and sweet,
The singing birds, with flashing wings, were seen.

It is not long ago—not long ago—
Since the glad winds ran through the tasselled corn:
This way and that way, swaying to and fro,
The golden wheat waited the harvest morn.

Now, all the silent fields are brown and bare,
And all the singing birds are gone away;
But peaceful calm is in the hazy air,
And we, content, can watch the sweet decay.

For so the hay is saved, the corn, the wheat,
The honey from a thousand scented bowers,
While russet apples, delicately sweet,
Hang where once hung the pink-white apple flowers.

So we in our life's autumn stilly muse
Upon the harvest of our gathered years,
Finding the hopes that once we feared to lose
Grown perfect through our toil and love and tears,

And saying, gratefully, "Although their flower
Was strangely fair and sweet, from cup to root,
'Twas best they changed with us from hour to hour,
For better than the Blossom is—the Fruit."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

## ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

"CURTEIS SHE WAS, DISCRETE, AND DEBONAIRE."

THE world was nine months older since Daphne picnicked in the park at Fontainebleau, and the scenery of her life was changed to a fair English landscape in one of the fairest of English shires. Here in fertile Warwickshire, within three miles of Shakspeare's birth-place, within a drive of Warwick, and Leamington, and Kenilworth, and Stoneleigh Park, to say nothing of ribbon-weaving, watch-making Coventry, Daphne wandered in happy idleness through the low-lying water-meadows which bounded the sloping lawns and shady gardens of South Hill.

South Hill was a gentle elevation in the midst of a pastoral valley. A long low white house, which had been added to from time to time, crowned the grassy slope, and from its balconied windows commanded one of the prettiest views in England—a landscape purely pastoral and rustic, low meadows through which the Avon wound his silvery way between sedgy banks, with here a willowy islet, and there a flowery creek. On one side the distant roofs and gables and tall spire of Stratford, seen above intervening wood and water; on the other, a gentle undulating landscape, bounded by a range of hills.

It was not an old house; there was nothing historical about it; though South Hill, with between three and four hundred acres, had belonged to Sir Vernon Lawford's family since the reign of Elizabeth. There had been an ancient mansion; but the ancient mansion being an unhealthy barrack of small low rooms, and requiring the expenditure of five thousand pounds to make it healthy and habitable, Sir Vernon's father had conceived the idea that he could make a better use of his money if he pulled down the old house and built himself a new one; whereupon the venerable pile was demolished, much to the disgust of archæologists, and an Italian villa rose from its ashes—a house with wide French windows opening into broad verandas, delicious places in which to waste a summer morning, or the idle after-dinner hour, watching the sunset. All the best rooms at South Hill faced the southwest, and the sunsets there seemed to Madoline Lawford more beautiful than anywhere else in the world. It was a house of the simplest form, built for ease and comfort rather than for architectural display. There were long cool corridors, lofty rooms below and above stairs, a roomy hall, a broad shallow staircase, and at one end of the house a spacious conservatory, which had been added by Sir Vernon soon after his marriage. This conservatory was the great feature of South Hill. It was a lofty stone building, with a double flight of marble steps descending from the drawing-room to the billiard-room below. Thus drawing-room and billiard-room both commanded a full view of the conservatory through wide glass doors.

There were melancholy associations for Sir Vernon Lawford in this wing which he had added to South Hill. He had built it to give pleasure to his first wife, an heiress, and the most amiable of women; but before the building was finished the first Lady Lawford was in her grave, leaving a baby girl of two months old behind her. The widower had grieved intensely, but he proved no exception to the general rule that the more intense the sorrow of the bereaved, the more speedily does he or she seek consolation in new ties. Sir Vernon married again within two years of his wife's death, and this time, instead of giving satisfaction to the county by choosing one of the best-born and wealthiest ladies within its length and breadth, he picked up his wife somewhere on the Continent—a fact which, in the opinion of the county, was much in her disfavor—and when he brought her home and introduced her to his friends, was singularly reticent as to her previous history.

The county people shrugged their shoulders, and doubted if this marriage would end well. They had some years later the morbid satisfaction of being able to say that they had prophesied aright. The second Lady Lawford bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl, and within a year of her daughter's birth mysteriously disappeared. She went to the south of France, it was said, for her lungs; though everybody's latest recollection of her was of a young woman in the heyday of health, strength, and beauty; somewhat self-willed, very extravagant, inordinately fond of pleasure, and governing her husband with the insolence of conscious beauty.

From that southern journey she never came back. Nobody ever heard any explicit account of her death; yet after two or three years it became an accepted fact that she was dead. Sir Vernon travelled a good deal, while his maiden sister kept house for him at South Hill, and superintended the rearing of his children. Madoline, daughter and heiress of the first Lady Lawford, was brought up and educated at home. Loftus, the boy, went to a private tutor at Stratford, and thence to Rugby, where he fell ill and died. Daphne's childhood and early girlhood were spent almost entirely at school. Only a week ago she was still at Asnières, grinding away at the everlasting prosy old books, reciting Lafontaine's fables, droning out long sing-song speeches from Athalie or Iphigénie, teasing poor patient Miss Toby, domineering over Martha Dibb. And now her education was supposed to be finished, and she was free—free to roam like a wild thing about the lovely grounds at South Hill, in the water-meadows where the daffodils grew in such rank luxuriance; and where, years ago, when she was a little child, and had crowned herself with a chaplet of those yellow flowers, scarcely brighter than her hair, a painter friend of her father's had called her Asphodel.

How well she remembered that sunny morning in early April!—ages ago. Childhood seems so far off at seventeen. How distinctly she remembered the artist, whose refined and gentle manners won her childish heart! She had been so little praised at South Hill that her pulses thrilled with pleasure when her father's friend smiled at her flower-crowned head, and cried, "What a lovely picture! Look, Lawford, would not you like me to paint her, just as she is at this moment, with her hair flying in the wind, and that background of rushes and blue water?" But Sir Vernon turned on his heel with a curt, half-muttered answer, and the two men walked on and left her, smoking their cigarettes as they went. She remembered how, in a blind childish fury, scarcely knowing why she was angry, she tore the daffodil crown from her hair and trampled it under foot.

To the end of his visit the painter called her Asphodel, and one morning, finding her alone in the garden, he carried her off to the billiard-room, and made a sketch of her head with its loose tangled hair—a head which appeared next year on the line at the Royal Academy, and was raved about by all artistic London.

And now it was early April again, and she was a girl in the fair dawn of womanhood, free to do what she liked with her life, and there were many things that she was beginning to understand—things not altogether pleasant to her womanly pride. She was beginning to perceive very clearly that her father did not love her, and was never likely to love her; that her presence in his home gave him no pleasure; that he simply endured her as part of the burden of life, while to her sister he gave love without stint or measure. True that he was by nature and habit selfish and self-indulgent, and that the love of such a man is at best hardly worth having. But Daphne would have been glad of her father's love, were the affection of ever so poor a quality. His indifference chilled her soul. She had been accustomed to command affection, to be petted and praised and bowed down to for her pretty looks and pretty ways, to take a leading position with her school-fellows, partly because she was Sir Vernon Lawford's daughter, and partly for those subtle charms and graces which made her superior to the rank and file of school-girls.

Yet, though Sir Vernon was wanting in affection for his younger daughter, Daphne was not unloved at South Hill. Her sister Madoline loved her dearly, had so loved her ever since those unforgotten summer days when the grave girl of nine and the toddling two-year-old baby wandered hand in hand in the shady old gardens, and seemed to have the whole domain of South Hill to themselves, Sir Vernon and Lady Lawford being somewhere on the Continent, and the maiden aunt being a lady very much in request in the best society in the neighborhood, and very willing to take the utmost enjoyment out of life, and to delegate her duties to nurses and maids. The love that had grown up in those days between the sisters had been in no wise lessened by severance. They were as devoted to each other now as they had been in the dawn of life: Madoline loving Daphne with a proud, protecting love; Daphne looking up to Madoline with intense respect, and believing in her as the most perfect of women.

"I'm afraid I shall never be able to leave off talking," said Daphne, upon this particular April morning, when she had come in from a long ramble by the Avon, with her apron full of daffodils; "I seem to have such a world of things to tell you."

"Don't put any check upon your eloquence, darling. You won't tire me," said Madoline, in her low, gentle voice.

She had a very soft voice, and a slow, calm way of speaking, which seemed to most people to be the true patrician tone. She spoke like a person who had never been in a hurry, and had never been in a passion.

The sisters were in Madoline's morning-room, sometimes called the old drawing-room, as it had been the chief reception-room at South Hill before Sir Vernon built the west wing. It was a large, airy room, painted white, with chintz draperies of the lightest and most delicate tints—apple blossoms on a creamy ground: the furniture all of light woods; the china céladon or turquoise; but the chief beauty of the room its hot-house flowers—tulips, gardenias, arums, hyacinths, pansies, grouped with exquisite taste on tables and in jardinières, on brackets and mantelpiece. The love of flowers was almost a passion with Madoline Lawford, and she was rich enough to indulge this inclination to her heart's content. She had built a long line of hot-houses in one of the lower gardens, and kept a small regiment of gardeners and boys. She could afford to do this, and yet to be Lady Bountiful in all the district round about South Hill; so nobody ventured to blame her for the money she spent upon horticulture.

She was a very handsome woman—handsome in that perfectly regular style about which there can be no difference of opinion. Some might call her beauty cold, but all must own she was beautiful. Her profile was strongly marked, the forehead high and broad, the nose somewhat aquiline; the mouth proud, calm, resolute, yet infinitely sweet when she smiled; the eyes almost black, with long dark lashes, sculptured eyelids, and arched brows perfect in their pencilling. She wore her hair as she might have worn it had she lived in the days of Pericles and Aspasia—simply drawn back from her forehead and twisted in a heavy Greek knot at the back of her head; no fringed locks or fluffiness gave their fictitious charm to her face. Her beauty was of that calm statuesque type which has nothing to do with *chic*, piquancy, dash, audacity, or any of those qualities which go such a long way in the composition of modern comeliness.

All her tastes were artistic; but her love of art showed itself rather in the details of daily life than in any actual achievement with brush or pencil. She worked exquisitely in crewels and silks, drew her own designs from natural flowers, and produced embroideries on linen or satin which were worthy to be hung in a picture-gallery. She had a truly feminine love of needle-work, and was never idle—in this the very reverse of Daphne, who loved to loll at ease, looking lazily at the sky or the landscape, and making up her mind to be tremendously busy by-and-by. Daphne was always beginning work, and never finishing anything; while every task undertaken by Madoline was carried on to completion. The very essence of her own character was completeness—fulfilling every duty to the uttermost, satisfying in fullest measure every demand which home or society could make upon her.

"I'm sure you'll be tired of me, Lina," protested Daphne, kneeling on the fender-stool, while Madoline sat at work in her accustomed place, with a Japanese bamboo table at her side for the accommodation of her crewels. "You can't imagine what a capacity I have for talking."

"Then I must be very dull," murmured Madoline, smiling at her. "You have been home a week."

"Well, certainly, you have had some experience of me; but you might think my loquacity a temporary affliction, and that when I had said my say after nearly two years of separation—oh, Lina, how horrid it was spending all my holidays at Asnières!—I should subside into comparative silence. But I shall always have worlds to tell you. It is my nature to say everything that comes into my mind. That's why I got on so well with Dibb."

"Was Dibb a dog, dear?"

"A dog!" cried Daphne, with a sparkling smile. "No, Dibb was my school-fellow—a dear good thing—stupid, clumsy, innately vulgar, but devoted to me. 'A poor thing, but mine own,' as Touchstone says. We were tremendous chums."

"I am sorry you should make a friend of any innately vulgar girl, Daphne dear," said Madoline, gravely: "and don't you think it rather vulgar to talk of your friend as Dibb?"

"We all did it," answered Daphne, with a shrug; "I was always called Lawford. It saves trouble, and sounds friendly. You talk about Disraeli and Gladstone; why not Dibb and Lawford?"

"I think there's a difference, Daphne. If you were very friendly with this Miss Dibb, why not speak of her by her Christian name?"

"So be it, my dearest. In future she shall be Martha, to please you. She really is a good, inoffensive soul. Her father keeps a big shop in Oxford Street; but the family live in a palace on Clapham Common, with gardens, and vineries, and pineries, and goodness knows what. When I call her vulgar, it is because she and all her people are so proud of their money, and measure everything by the standard of money. Martha was very inquisitive about my means. She wanted to know whether I was rich or poor, and I really couldn't inform her. Which am I, Lina?"

Daphne looked up at her sister as if it were a question about which she was slightly curious, but not a matter of supreme moment. A faint flush mounted to Madoline's calm brow. The soft dark eyes looked tenderly at Daphne's eager face.

"Dearest, why trouble yourself about the money question? Have you ever felt the inconvenience of poverty?"

"Never. You sent me everything I could possibly wish for; and I always had more pocket-money than any girl in the school, not excepting Martha, though she took care to inform me that her father could have allowed her ten times as much if he had chosen. No, dear, I don't know what poverty means; but I should like to understand my own position very precisely, now that I am a woman, don't you know? I am quite aware that you are an heiress; everybody at South Hill has taken pains to impress that fact upon my mind. Please, dear, what am I?"

"Darling, papa is not a rich man, but he"—Madoline paled a little as she spoke, knowing that South Hill had been settled on her mother, and her mother's children after her, and that in all probability Sir Vernon had hardly any other property in the world—"he will provide for you, no doubt. And if he were unable to leave you much by-and-by, I have plenty for both."

"I understand," said Daphne, growing pale in her turn: "I am a pauper."

"Daphne!"

"My mother had not a sixpence, I suppose; and that is why nobody ever speaks of her; and that is why there is not a portrait of her in this house, where she lived, and was admired, and loved. I was wrong to call Dibb vulgar for measuring all things by a money standard. It is other people's measure as well as hers."

"Daphne, how can you say such things?"

"Didn't I tell you that I say everything that comes into my head? Oh, Madoline, don't for pity's sake think that I envy you your wealth—you who have been so good to me—you who are all I have to love in this world. It is not the money I care for. I think I would just as soon be poor as rich, if I could be free to roam the world, like a man. But to live in a great house, waited on by an army of servants, and to know that I am nobody, of no account, a mere waif, the penniless daughter of a penniless mother—that wounds me to the quick."

"My dearest, my pet, what a false, foolish notion! Do you think anybody in this house values you less because I have a fortune tied to me by all manner of parchment deeds, and you have no particular settlement, and have only expectations from a not overrich father? Do you think you are not admired for your grace and pretty looks, and that by-and-by there will not come the best substitute that modern life can give for the prince of our dear old fairy tales, a good husband, who will be wealthy enough to give my darling all she can desire in this world?"

"I'm sure I shall hate him, whoever he may be," said Daphne, with a short, impatient sigh.

Madoline looked at her earnestly, with the tender motherly look which came naturally to the beautiful face when the elder sister looked at the younger. She had put aside her crewel-work at the beginning of this conversation, and had given all her attention to Daphne.

"Why do you say that, dearest?" she asked, gravely.

"Oh, I don't know, really. But I'm sure I shall never marry."

"Isn't it rather early to make up your mind on that point?"

"Why should it be? Hasn't one a mind and a heart at seventeen as well as at seven-and-twenty? I should like well enough to have a very rich husband by-and-by, so that, instead of being Daphne, the pauper, I might be Mrs. Somebody, with ever so much a year settled upon me for ever and ever. But I don't believe I shall ever see anybody I shall be able to care for."

"I hope, darling, you haven't taken it into your foolish head that you care for some one already. School-girls are so silly."

"And generally fall in love with the dancing-master," said Daphne, with a laugh. "I think I tried rather hard to do that, but I couldn't succeed. The poor man wore a wig; a dreadfully natural, dreadfully curly wig; like the pictures of Lord Byron. No, Lina; I pledge you my word that no dancing-master's image occupies my breast."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Madoline. "I hope there is no one else."

Daphne blushed rosy red. She took a gardenia from the low glass vase on her sister's work-table, where the white waxen flowers were clustered in the centre of a circle of purple pansies, and began to pick the petals off slowly, one by one.

"He loves me—loves me not," she whispered, softly, smiling all the while at her own foolishness, till the smile faded slowly at sight of the barren stem.

"Loves me not," she sighed. "You see, Fate is against me, Lina. I am doomed to die unmarried."

"Daphne, do you mean that there is some one?" faltered Madoline, more in earnest than it might seem needful to be with a creature so utterly child-like.

"There was a man once in a wood," said Daphne, with crimson cheeks and downcast eyelids, yet with an arch smile curving her lips all the while. "There was a man whom Dibb—I beg your pardon, Martha—and I once met in a wood in our holidays (papa would have me spend my holidays at school, you see), and I have thought since sometimes—mere idle fancy, no doubt—that he is the only man I should ever care to marry; and that is impossible, for he is engaged to some one. So you see I am fated to die a spinster."

"Daphne, what do you mean? A man whom you met in a wood, and he was engaged—and—You don't mean that you and your friend Miss Dibb made the acquaintance of a strange man whom you met when you were out walking?" exclaimed Madoline, aghast at the idea. "Surely you were too well looked after for that! You never went out walking alone, did you? I thought Frenchwomen were so extremely particular."

"Of course they are," replied Daphne, laughing. "I was only drawing on my imagination, dearest, just to see that solemn face of yours. It was worth the trouble. No, Lina dear, there is no one. My heart is as free as my shuttlecock when I send it flying over the roof scaring the swallows. And now let us talk about your dear self. I want you to tell me all about Mr. Goring—about Gerald. I suppose I may call him by his Christian name, as he is to be my brother-in-law by-and-by."

"Your brother, dear."

"Thank you, Lina. That sounds ever so much nicer. I am so short of relations. Then I shall always call him Gerald. What a pretty name!"

"He was called after his mother, Lady Geraldine."

"I see. She represented the patrician half of his family, and his father the plebeian half, I believe. The father was a Dibb, was he not?—a money-grubber."

"His father was a very worthy man, who rose from the ranks, and made his fortune as a contractor."

"And Lady Geraldine married him for the sake of his worthiness; and you and Gerald are going to spend his money."

"Mr. Goring and his wife were a very united couple, I believe, Daphne. There is no reason why you should laugh at them."

"Except my natural malice, which makes me inclined to ridicule good people. You should have said that, Madoline; for you look as if you meant it. Was the contractor's name always Goring?"

"No, he changed his name soon after his marriage, and took the name of his wife's maternal grandfather, a Warwickshire squire."

"What a clever way of hooking himself on to the landed gentry!" said Daphne. "And now please, dearest, tell me all about Gerald. Is he very nice?"

"You may suppose that I think him so," answered Madoline, going on with the fashioning of a water-lily on a ground of soft gray cloth. "I can hardly trust myself to praise him, for fear I should say too much."

"How is it that I have seen no photograph of him? I expected to see half a dozen portraits of him in this room alone; but I suppose you have an album crammed with his photos somewhere under lock and key."

"He has not been photographed since he was a school-boy. He detests photography; and though he has often promised me that he would sacrifice himself so far as to be photographed, he has never kept his word."

"That is very bad of him," said Daphne. "I am bursting with curiosity about his looks. But—perhaps," she faltered, with a deprecating air, "the poor thing is rather plain, and that is why he does not care to be photographed."

"No," replied Madoline, with her gentle smile, "I do not think his worst enemy could call him plain—not that I should love him less if he were the plainest of mankind."

"Yes, you would," exclaimed Daphne, with conviction. "It is all very well to talk about loving a man for his mind, or his heart, and all that kind of thing. You wouldn't love a man with a potato nose or a pimply complexion, if he were morally the most perfect creature in the universe. I am very glad he is handsome."

"That is a matter of opinion. I don't know your idea of a handsome man."

"Let me see," said Daphne, clasping her hands above her head, in a charmingly listless attitude, and giving herself up to thought. "My idea of good looks in a man? The subject requires deliberation. What do you say to a pale complexion, inclining to sallowness; dreamy eyes, under dark straight brows; forehead low, yet broad enough to give room for plenty of brains; mouth grave, and even mournful in expression, except when he smiles—the whole face must light up like a god's when he smiles; hair darkest brown, short, straight, silky?"

"One would think you had seen Mr. Goring, and were describing him," said Madoline.

"What, Lina, is he like that?"

"It is so difficult to realize a description, but really yours would do for Gerald. Yet I dare say the image in your mind is totally different from that in mine."

"No doubt," answered Daphne, and then, with a half-breathed sigh, she quoted her favorite Tennyson. "No two dreams are like."

"You will be able to judge for yourself before long," said Madoline; "Gerald is coming home in the autumn."

"The autumn!" cried Daphne. "That is an age to wait. And then, I suppose, you are to be married immediately?"

"Not till next spring. That is my father's wish. You see, I don't come of age till I'm twenty-five, and there are settlements and technical difficulties. Papa thought it best for us to wait, and I did not wish to oppose him."

"I believe it is all papa's selfishness. He can't bear to lose you."

"Can I be angry with him for that?" asked Madoline, smiling tenderly at the thought of her father's love. "I am proud to think that I am necessary to his happiness."

"But there is your happiness—and Mr. Goring's—to be considered. It has been such a long engagement, and you have been kept so much apart. It must have been a dreary time for you. If ever I am engaged, I hope my young man will always be dancing attendance upon me."

"Papa thought it best that we should not be too much together, for fear we should get tired of each other," said Madoline, with an incredulous smile; "and as Gerald is very fond of travelling, and wanted change after the shock of his mother's death, papa proposed that he should spend the greater part of his life abroad until my twenty-fifth birthday. The separation would be a test for us both, papa thought."

"A cruel, unjustifiable test," cried Daphne, indignantly. "Your twenty-fifth birthday, forsooth! Why, you will be an old woman before you are married. In all the novels I ever read the heroine married before she was twenty, and even then she seemed sometimes quite an old thing. Eighteen is the proper age for orange blossoms and a Brussels veil."

"That is all a matter of opinion, pet. I don't think young lady novelists of seventeen and eighteen have always the wisest views of life. You must not say a word against your father, Daphne. He always acts for the best."

"I never heard of a domestic tyrant yet of whom that could not be said," retorted Daphne. "However, darling, if you are satisfied, I am content, and I shall look forward impatiently to the autumn, and to the pleasure of making my new brother's acquaintance. I hope he will like me."

"No fear of that, Daphne."

"I am not at all sure of winning his regard. Look at papa. I would give a great deal to be loved by him, yet he detests me."

"Daphne! How can you say such a thing?"

"It is the truth. Why should I not say it? Do you suppose I don't know the signs of aversion as well as the signs of love? I know that you love me. You have no need to tell me so. I do not even want the evidence of your kind acts. I am assured of your love. I can see it in your face; I can hear it in every tone of your voice. And I know just as well that my father dislikes me. He kept me at a distance as long as ever he could, and now that duty—or his regard for other people's opinion—obliges him to have me at home, he avoids me as if I were a roaring lion, or something equally unpleasant."

"Only be patient, dear. You will win his heart in time," said Madoline, soothingly. She had put aside the water-lily, and had drawn her sister's fair head upon her shoulder with caressing fondness. "He can not fail to love my sweet Daphne when he knows her better," she said.

"I don't know that. I fancy he was prejudiced against me when I was a little thing and could scarcely have offended him—unless it were by cutting my teeth disgustingly, or having nettle-rash, or something of that kind. Lina, do you think he hated my mother?"

Madoline started, and flushed crimson.

"Daphne, what a question! Why, my father's second marriage was a love match, like his first"

"Yes, I suppose he was in love with her, or he would hardly have married a nobody," said Daphne, in a musing tone; "but he might have got to hate her afterward."

At this moment the door was opened, and a voice, full, round, manly in tone, said, "Madoline, I want you."

Lina rose hastily, letting her work fall out of her lap, kissed Daphne, and hurried from the room at her father's summons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MAINE is dotted with lovely lakes, many of which are little noted, only because as yet little known. Moosehead Lake receives its annual visits from fishers and hunters; Oquossoc, or Rangeley, Mooselucmaguntic, Mollychunkamug, and the chain of lakes extending to Umbagog, attract lovers of fine trout and fine scenery; but this year the most novel resort in the vicinity is Kennebago Lake—a lovely sheet of water imbedded in the forests. The seclusion of this charming retreat is fostered by the difficulty of access. From Portland to Farmington, and thence to Phillips, by rail, is an easy and pleasant trip; from Phillips to Rangeley—"the City," as it is called by residents as well as by those in the rural "suburbs"—is a drive of twenty miles through a delightful though hilly section of country, the road in some places being about 2500 feet above the sea. Then a wagon or buckboard ride of half a dozen miles brings us to the forest path, where one must walk seven miles, or ride horseback. The path is wild and rough, but the horses are sure-footed, and step carefully amid countless rocks, stones, logs, and deep, dark, muddy holes, so that we soon give them the bridle, and trustfully let them choose their own way. It is a romantic ride.

"Do many *ladies* go 'into Kennebago'?" we ask of our guide, who trudges along beside the horses.

"Well, I guess about twenty have gone in this year. One lady went in as far as Seven Ponds last year."

"Did she ride horseback?"

"Oh no. You can't go any farther than Kennebago with horses. She walked four miles, and went in a boat the rest of the way. She is the only lady who ever went in farther than Kennebago."

"In" and "into" are the common words used in speaking of penetrating the forests.

Of course there is no trotting of horses over this rude path, so two hours and a half pass—though not tediously, so novel is the route—when, just before sunset, we reach the hotel on the border of the Kennebago Lake. The scene is simply exquisite, as the rays of the sun, sinking behind the encircling mountains, tint the clear water with a rich golden gleam. But hunger soon conquers sentiment; savory odors sharpen the appetite; and the excellent viands on the well-spread board are none the less delicious because the dining-room is in a "log-house." Trout? Of course; but the best are those one catches himself. So in the early morning we are rowing on the lake, with plenty of fishing-tackle. The speckled beauties are shy enough to make the occupation exciting, but before noon the fish basket is well filled. The gentlemen are exultant at their success; and the youngest lady in the little party glories in having herself captured thirteen trout, among which is the largest of the whole lot.

With September comes extended license to the sportsman in Kennebago, and October gives long-desired privileges to the hunter. We fancy, however, the prevailing feeling at any season is not very unlike that of the farmer's lad, who quaintly remarked, "If I should see a deer, I should fire as near as I could without hitting him; and if I should hit him by accident, it wouldn't be my fault."

Seldom has such a long-continued drought been known as that which during the summer has prevailed in many sections of New England. The grass is parched and withered, and, of course, little feed for the cattle. Cisterns are dry, and wells have failed in many towns, excepting here and there where one is unusually deep. As a natural result of this extensive scarcity of water, a good deal of sickness has prevailed in country places.

A company has been formed, and a large capital subscribed, for the construction of a ship-canal across Cape Cod, and the work is to be soon commenced. Great advantages are expected from such a canal. It will save ninety miles in distance, and eight hours of time, between New York and Boston, besides averting the great dangers of navigation in doubling Cape Cod.

The American Institute Fair, which is soon to open its forty-ninth exhibition, has greatly improved and adorned its immense hall. The entire building has been strengthened, repainted, frescoed, and kalsomined, and everything presents a new, bright, and attractive appearance. Machinery Hall will possess unusual interest in a large number of novel and curious machines in full operation, attended by competent engineers. An amateur art gallery, to which loan contributions have been made, will attract much attention. A restaurant will adjoin the main hall, large and comfortable, furnished with everything to appease the appetite. It is intended that this shall be the most brilliant exhibition ever given by the American Institute.

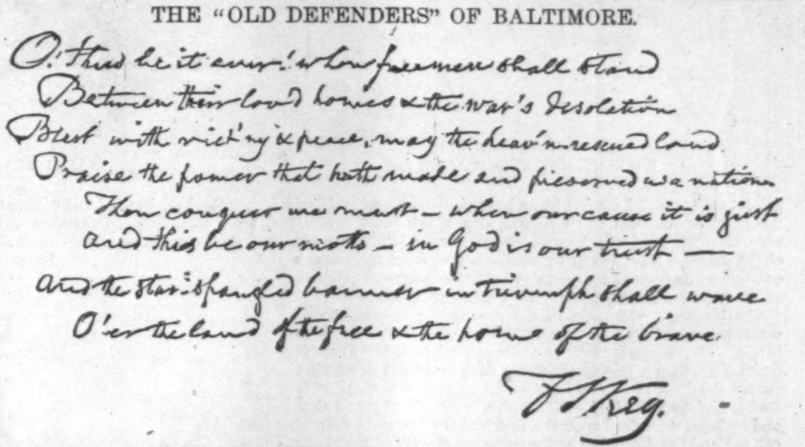
A family gathering recently took place in a New Jersey town of the Smith family. Three thousand united in a picnic, all supposed to be lineally descended from the original Jan Schmidt, who came from Holland, and who, wishing to be fully Americanized, changed his name to John Smith. Strange to say, it is asserted that not one plain John Smith was found among all the number of Smiths gathered on this occasion.

The Chinese are emigrating in large numbers to the Sandwich Islands, and have reached to the number of 12,000 in the Hawaiian group. By their perseverance, industry, and cheap living they are gradually absorbing all the avenues of labor, having a great advantage over the natives, who will not work if they can help it. Both the native and white people look with dismay upon this influx, which threatens to make quite a change in the state of affairs.

A game-dealer in Raritan, New Jersey, has succeeded in raising young quails—an operation which has been repeatedly tried in this country, and hitherto without success. Four years ago he captured a male and a female quail, and last year six quails were hatched, which have all lived, and commenced laying eggs.

A terrible cyclone swept over the island of Jamaica on August 18, which caused immense damage. The loss among the shipping was unprecedented; many vessels were totally wrecked, and scarcely any escaped serious injury. The devastation all over the island was terrible. Public buildings, churches, and private houses were blown down or greatly injured, coffee plantations utterly destroyed, and cocoa-nut groves with their thousands of nuts were prostrated like so many corn stalks. Many lives were lost, business all around suspended, and the suffering among the people generally can not be estimated.

## THE "OLD DEFENDERS" OF BALTIMORE.



O! thus be it ever! when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes & the war's desolation
Blest with vict'ry & peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must — when our cause it is just
And this be our motto — In God is our trust —
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

F S Key.

FAC-SIMILE FROM THE MS. OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

THE 12th September is annually celebrated in Baltimore as the peculiar civic festival of that city, in commemoration of its successful defense and the repulse of the British forces during the war of 1812. The bombardment of Fort McHenry recalls the origin of our national anthem, "The Star-spangled Banner," and the battle of North Point, and repulse of the final attack of the enemy on the night of the 14th, proved the ability of our militia to cope successfully with the veterans of WELLINGTON and the naval power of Great Britain. In consequence of the numbers and success of the Baltimore privateers, and her prominence in the naval operations of the war, the city had become the peculiar object of British animosity, and it was the boast of General Ross that he would winter in Baltimore "though the heavens rained militia." An eminent British statesman declared that Baltimore was the great depository of the hostile spirit of the United States against England, and Admiral WARREN said, "Baltimore is a doomed town."

Thus forewarned, the inhabitants prepared for their defense. All classes of people, inspired with enthusiasm, set actively to work, and every one who could wield a musket, even old men and boys, were found in the ranks marching to their daily occupation of laboring on the line of intrenchments and fortifications. On Sunday evening, September 11, about seventy of the enemy's vessels were anchored off North Point, about twelve miles by water from the city. And by the following morning a force of about seven thousand men, composed of infantry, artillery, marines, and sailors, had been landed. At the same time the frigates' bomb-ketches and small vessels, under Admiral COCKBURN, approached and ranged themselves in a formidable line to bombard the fort and the city.

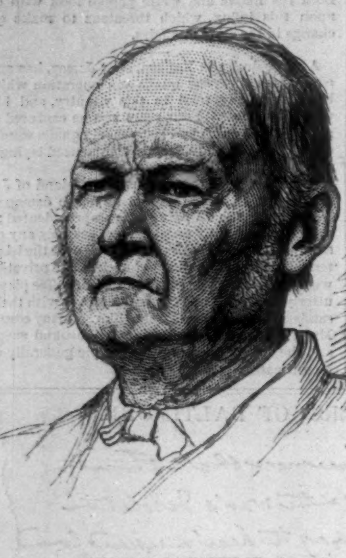
The arrival of the enemy's fleet was announced to the people by the fire of three cannon from the court-house green, and the signal threw the city into intense excitement. The batteries and intrenchments were all manned, and it was decided to send out a reconnoitring party to "feel the enemy." A force of over three thousand men, consisting of infantry, cavalry, riflemen, and one company of artillery, composed this body. After bivouacking for the night about seven miles from the city, with the exception of the riflemen and cavalry, who advanced to the vicinity of the enemy, they on the following morning moved forward to receive the enemy on his approach. The column moved steadily down the road, when, as the head of it ascended a small eminence, there appeared at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards the van-guard of the enemy's forces moving up. A sharp fire was immediately opened on both sides. "At this time," says a British participant, "the skirmish was tolerably hot and exceedingly animated. The Americans were at least our equals in the skill with which they used their weapons. Two men killed and about a dozen wounded made up the sum of our casualties, and everything was going on as the General himself could have wished. But, unhappily, General Ross was not satisfied of this; the firing struck him as being more heavy and more continued than it ought to be, and he rode forward to satisfy himself. How bitterly had the whole expedition cause to lament that step! He had scarcely entered the wood when an American rifle-ball, true to its mark, pierced his side; the reins dropped instantly from his hand, and he leaned forward on the pommel of his saddle. His horse making a movement forward, he lost his seat, and but for the intervention of his aide-de-camp's arm, must have fallen to the ground: it was but too manifest his race was run. He expired before his bearers could reach the boats." The death of Ross taught his successor that desultory skirmishes with the Baltimore riflemen were no light matters, and changing the disposition of his troops, he proceeded as if he were opposed to a disciplined army.

Says our British authority: "The English soldiers moved forward with their accustomed fearlessness, and the Americans, with much apparent coolness, stood to receive them. When little more than a hundred paces divided one line from the other, both parties made ready to bring matters more decidedly to a personal struggle. The Americans were the first to use their small-arms. Having rent the air with a shout, they fired a volley, begun upon the right, and carried away regularly to the extreme left, and then loading again, kept up an unintermitting discharge, which soon in a great degree concealed them from our observation. Nor were we backward in returning the salute. A hearty British cheer gave notice of our willingness to meet them, and firing and running, we gradually closed upon them, with the design of bringing the bayonet into play. Volley upon volley having been given, we were now advanced within less than twenty yards of the American line; yet such was the denseness of the smoke that it was only when a passing breeze swept away the cloud for a moment that either force became visible to the other.

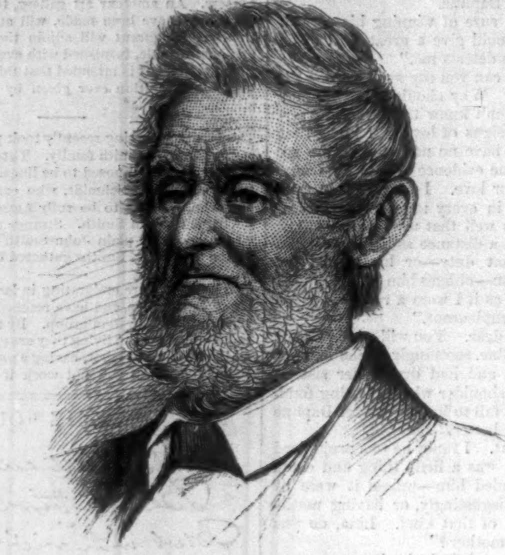
At this juncture an American regiment broke and fled; and Colonel BROOKE, instantly perceiving his advantage, and hoping to effect a general rout, came on with a rapid discharge of musketry, which was not returned until they had approached within a short distance, when our artillery, loaded with grape and canister, shot, old locks, pieces of broken muskets, and everything which they could cram into their guns, opened an incessant and deadly fire, while from right to left along our entire line one volley of musketry and rifle-shots succeeded another. As the British line continued to advance in overwhelming numbers, exchanging fires with the American infantry, and receiving that of the artillery, which was well served throughout the engagement, the action became warmer and warmer, until General STRICKER, having accomplished the object he had in view, ordered a retreat to his reserve, and finally, as the enemy did not pursue, retired with his brigade in good order to a position of observation near the city. The loss of the enemy in this affair, as stated in official reports of British officers, was two hundred and ninety, exclusive of the Naval Brigade, while on the American side it was only two hundred and thirteen, among whom were some of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore.

On the following day the British continued their advance upon the city, but were deterred by the formidable preparations for their reception until the co-operation of their marine forces was secured, "as it was presumed," says our British soldier, "that the fort would be reduced by bombardment in a few hours." A very dark night, with a heavy rain, had set in; and though the bombardment had begun, they waited in vain through the long night for any signal of co-operation. "That all things went not prosperously was evident enough. Without the help of the fleet it was evident that, adopt what plan of attack we would, our loss must be such as to counterbalance even success itself, while success, to say the least, was doubtful. About three hours after midnight the troops began their retreat, leaving the pickets to deceive the enemy, and to follow as a rear-guard."

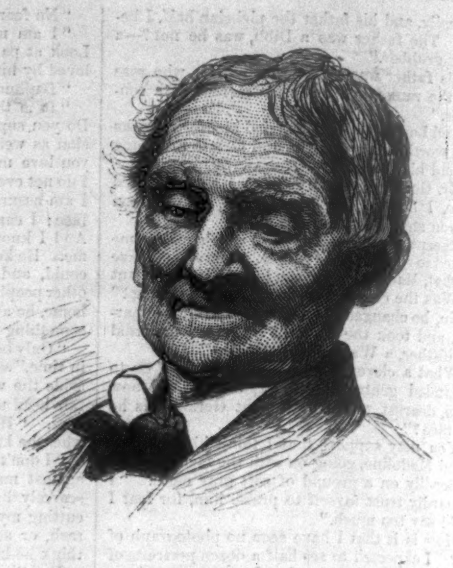
In the mean time Admiral COCKBURN had moved his fleet of sixteen ships within two miles and a half of Fort McHenry, and at 2 A.M. on the 13th September opened fire from his bomb vessels at a distance of two miles, and employed the day and night following in an effort to subdue the



WILLIAM BATCHELOR, Aged 94.



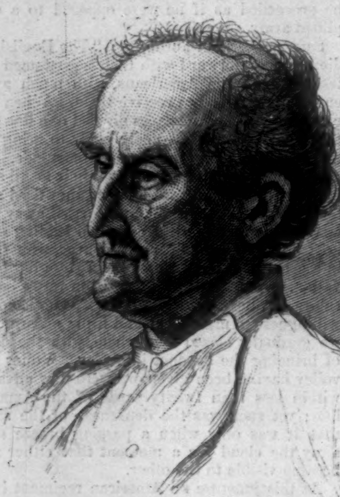
ELIJAH STANSBURY, Aged 90.



GEORGE BOSS, Aged 86.

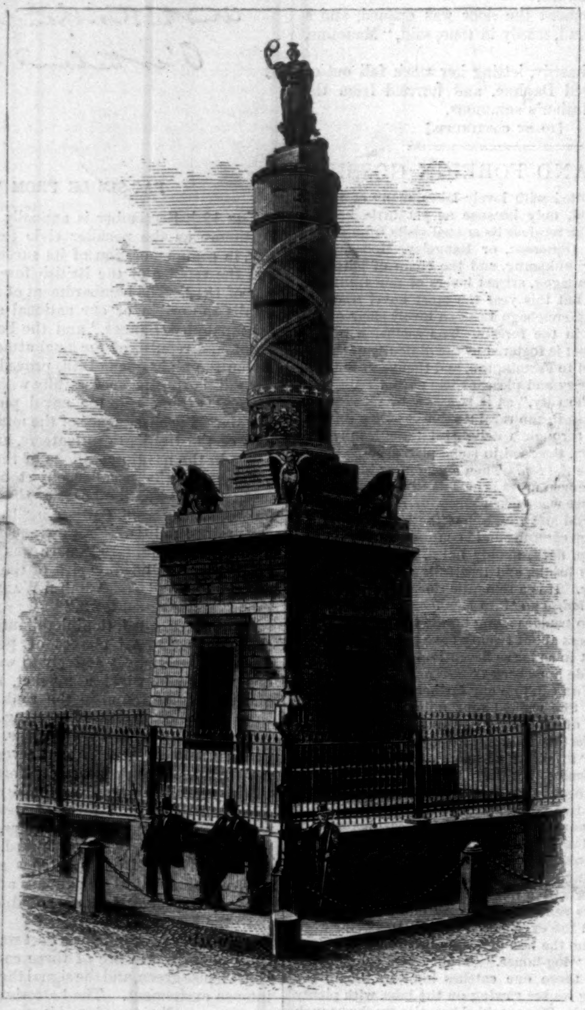
passive resistance of the fort by an incessant shower of shell, which the garrison was unable to return, with a few brief exceptions, when the incautious enemy ventured too near, and the sullen silence of the garrison was broken by such a salute from their heavy artillery as compelled a prompt retreat, the indignant defiance of the fort manifested only by the waving of its flag.

The language addressed to the eye by the continued and proud waving of that flag can never be forgotten by those who saw it. The feeling it excited was happily expressed by **Francis Scott Key**, then a prisoner with the fleet, in a burst of genuine poetry, destined to live as long as the history of our nation is told. Eighteen hundred shells, with a multitude of round shot and rockets, were fired upon the fort, and the incessant roar of cannon and the deafening and continuous scream of the shells and rockets added terror to the awful spectacle of a cannonade by night. About midnight, screened by total darkness, the enemy made their last effort to enter the city. A squadron of barges, bomb-ketches, and rocket-boats, numbering eighty in all, and manned by twelve hundred men, pushed up the cove beyond Fort McHenry to effect a landing and attempt an escalade in the rear. Being discovered, a terrible fire was opened upon them by the forts and neighboring batteries, and their repulse followed, evidently having suffered severely, their barges and dead having afterward been found floating in the river. Worsted, and convinced of their inability to conquer the city, they withdrew to scenes of easier victory over the unprotected farmers of the bay shore. Wonderful as it may appear, the loss in the fort amounted to but four men killed and twenty-four wounded.



HENRY LIGHTNER, Aged 83,
The Drummer-Boy of Fort McHenry.

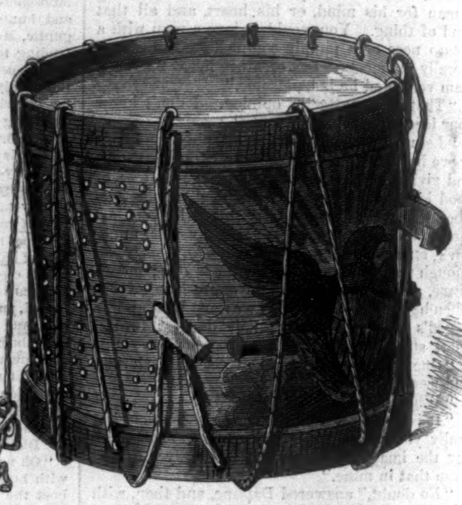
To commemorate this gallant defense of their city, and to honor the names of those who had given their lives, the citizens of Baltimore erected the "Battle Monument," a very graceful and suggestive work of art, the design of **Maximilian Godefroy**, and it is around the base of this tribute to their companions that the remaining defenders of Baltimore still perform their annual circuit, led by their ancient standard-bearer and octogenarian drummer-boy. Not a dozen responded to the last roll-call, and their rapidly diminishing numbers may soon present to us the spectacle of the solitary survivor of an army answering alone the roll-call of the living.



THE MONUMENT.

We present portraits of the oldest of the veterans, their color-bearer, Mr. **William Batchelor**, leading the column at the age of ninety-four. Born within the walls of Fort McHenry, the son of a soldier, he comes justly by his martial and nautical nature. His services at North Point were but an episode in his career as a privateersman during the entire war. He served with the gallant Captain **Boyle** aboard the *Chasseur* and the *Comet*, and took part in all the daring engagements of those vessels with British cruisers, and assisted in the famous "blockade of the United Kingdom." The happiest days of his life, he says, were those when in daily contact with danger and the foe. He has always been a man of strictly temperate habits, and though every inch a sailor at sea, has never been "a sailor ashore."

**Elijah Stansbury**, now in his ninetieth year, and ex-Mayor of Baltimore, preserves to a wonderful degree the energy and vivacity which have made him by his own exertions a prominent citizen. His "autobiography" is full of local and personal interest.

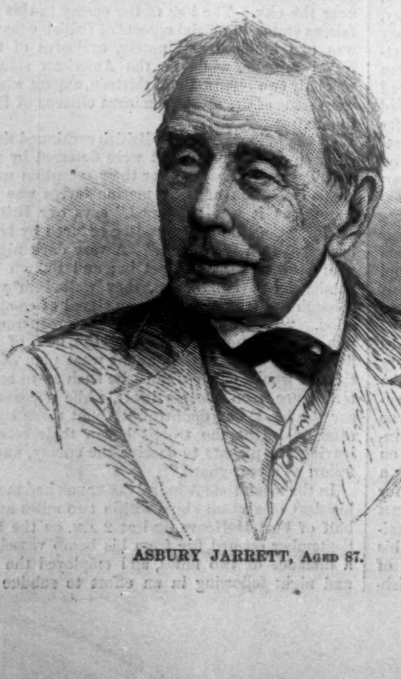


THE DRUM USED AT FORT McHENRY.

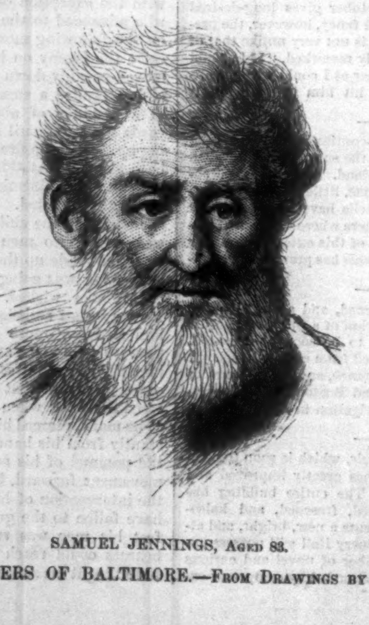
Mr. **George Boss**, aged eighty-six years, enjoys the honorable distinction in our change-loving epoch of residing in the house where he was born—a well-preserved "hip-roof" of the colonial days, with ample yard, and a garden graced by an enormous box-tree planted by his father, and preserved jealously as an heirloom; a home suggestive of old-fashioned comfort and ease, and, as usual in our sea-side localities, not without its amphibious suggestions in nautical relics and portraits.

Mr. **Lightner** is no longer a "boy," but still preserves carefully the drum of 1812, a picture of which we here present. Like most of the band, he retains remarkable activity, and shows few of the marks of extreme age.

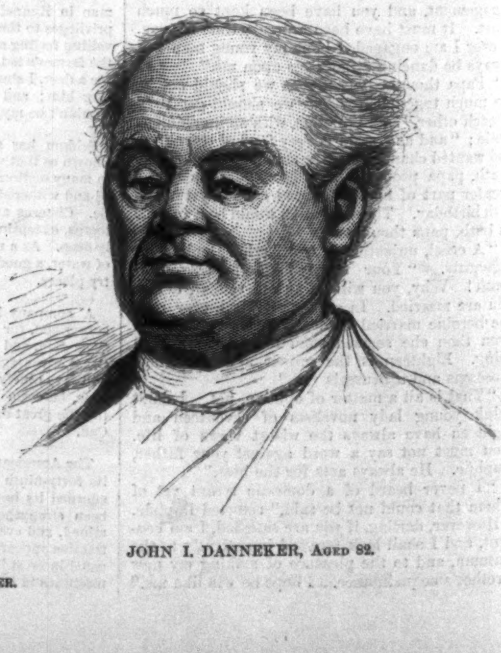
Mr. **Asbury Jarrett** and Mr. **Danneker** enjoy the respect of their city, and have filled civic posts of importance. Mr. **Jennings** is honored as among the most venerable typographers of his city.



ASBURY JARRETT, Aged 87.

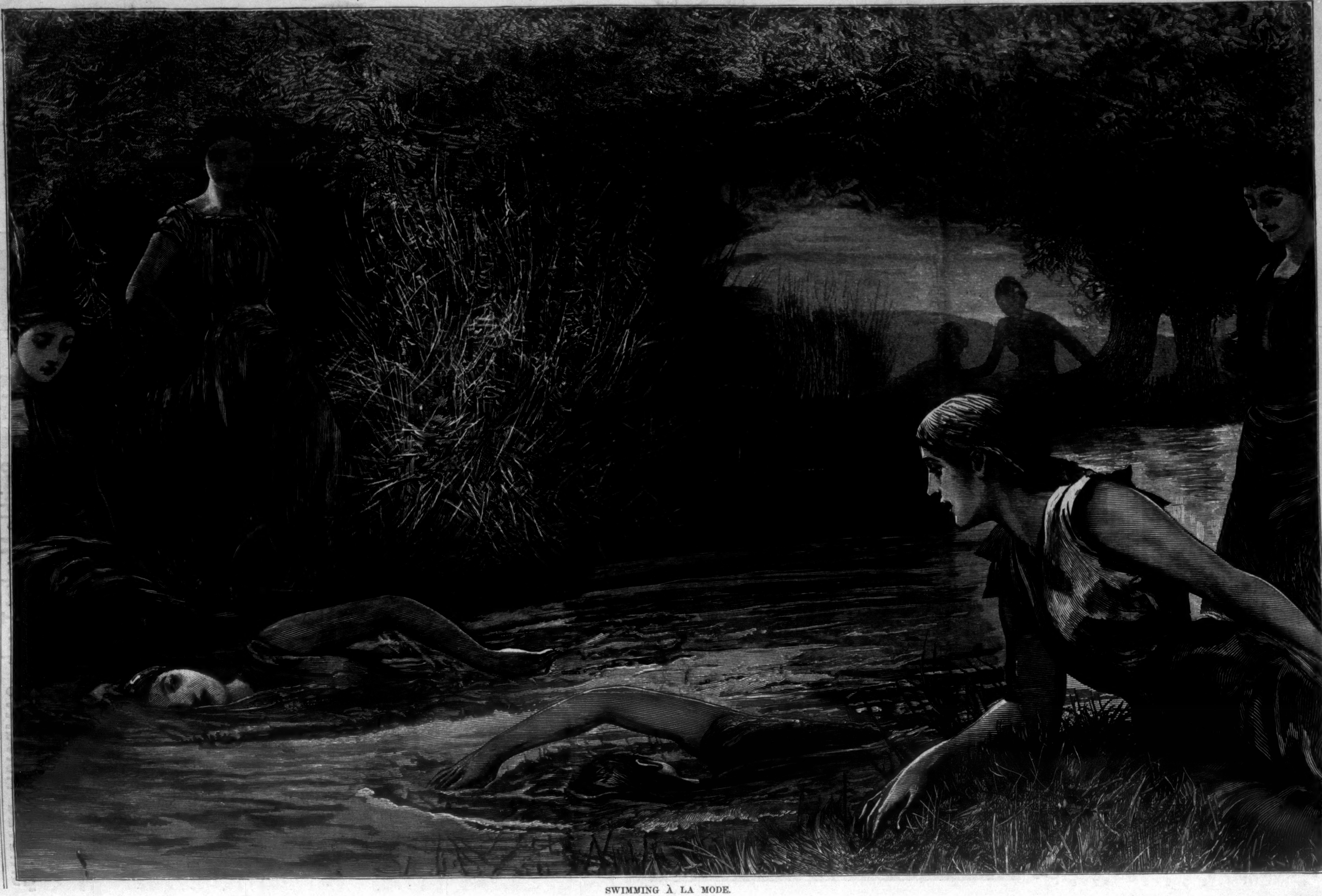


SAMUEL JENNINGS, Aged 83.



JOHN I. DANNEKER, Aged 82.

THE DEFENDERS OF BALTIMORE.—From Drawings by F. B. Mayer.



SWIMMING À LA MODE.

## SHARP PRACTICE.

A NUMBER of very clever though by no means new swindles are described by a writer in *Chambers's Journal*. A precious pair of sharpers, desirous of changing their abode, summoned the waiter at the tavern, and craftily induced him to join in "blindman's-buff," each being blindfolded in turn. The waiter's turn to be the blind man came, when, if he caught either of his two playmates, he was to receive a guinea and a bottle of Champagne. He crept about. He searched the corners. They were crafty hiders; but he would find them. He groped under the table; he tried the chimney, and every place which could afford concealment to a rat; and at length jerked the bandage from his eyes, found the room deserted, and rushed down stairs to discover that he had been duped, and his employer swindled.

This reminds us of the story of two fellows whose money was almost entirely expended, and who determined that a wealthy hotel-keeper should be the means of replenishing their purses. Accordingly, one of them giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of the selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor inquired for the landlord, to whom he propounded the query, "Can you give me a good dinner?" Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and in a few minutes the "good dinner" was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; but the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that had he possessed the "needful," he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner; that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dinner, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned toward the impecunious diner: it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landlord ground his teeth. Not long after this, number two arrived with the query, "Can you give me a good dinner?" A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face. "Yes, yes," he replied; "take a seat." He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with his own hands he dashed over the applicant for the good dinner, who thereupon jumped to his feet, and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. "Ha! ha!" laughed the incensed Boniface, as he glared about for something wherewith to chastise the object of his wrath—"ha! ha! you fellows can't fool me twice in the same way." The visitor appeared astounded; the irate landlord appeared anxious to kick the visitor out. A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was denominated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infuriated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required, exhibited his money, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for slander as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply out of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a *solatium* for the wounded feelings and the wet clothes of swindler number two!

A swell-mobsman once made a wager with a gentleman that the latter could not carry a ten-pound note from the hotel at which both were staying to a place indicated, along a specified route. The bet was accepted; and the gentleman, with a grim smile placing the note within the lining of his hat in the presence of the swindler, started to accomplish his object. He had nearly arrived at his destination, when, passing a place encumbered with brick, timber, and other building materials, his attention was attracted by a little boy searching amongst the impedimenta, and crying piteously. The gentleman approached, and desired to know the cause of his grief. The boy had lost a ten-pound note, which had been given him to get changed, and he was afraid his father would kill him. By this time a crowd, attracted by the roars of the unlucky lad, had assembled, and the builder's materials were being thoroughly overhauled. A confederate among the crowd now managed, while engaged in the search, to knock off the hat which contained the coveted note. Its owner naturally stooped to pick it up, and replaced it on his head. Instantly the confederate collared him. "Give it up! give it up!" he cried. "Give up what?" demanded the gentleman, endeavoring to set himself free; while the crowd, leaving off the search, began to throng round the sharper's victim. "Give the boy his money—his ten-pound note, you thief!" shouted the swindler. The gentleman angrily protested; but the swell-mobsman cut him short by exclaiming: "He's got it, men. I saw him put it in the lining of his hat." The hat was instantly examined, and conclusive proof obtained, for why should any one be found carrying his money in his hat? And despite the struggles of the real owner, the note was handed over to the boy-confederate, who immediately made off with it; while, had it not been for the arrival of a constable, the victim of the conspiracy would have fared badly at the hands of the infuriated crowd.

---

IT is a substantial fact that the six leading and favorite seaside resorts—*i. e.*, Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach, Palisade Mountain House, Pequot House at New London, Nantasket Beach Hotel, Old Orchard Beach, and Hygeia Hotel at Old Point Comfort—have made use of H. W. Johns' Liquid Asbestos Paints in the decoration of their buildings, on the principle that "the best is the cheapest," and we advise our readers, in order to procure the *genuine article*, to send for sample sheets of colors to H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

SOME unprincipled dealers, for a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the original and genuine Sulphur Soap—GLENN'S by name. The public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP," *by its full name, and take no other*. Evidence from a highly respectable source:

DETROIT, MICH., *August* 6, 1879.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Esq.:

*Dear Sir*,—I have travelled for three years for Messrs. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York; I have used "GLENN'S Sulphur Soap" exclusively for about four years; also have recommended it to very many persons, and all say, as well as myself, that it *deserves* its reputation as the *best* Soap for all Skin Cleansing and Toilet purposes. Unprincipled Drug-Store keepers have endeavored to substitute other kinds of Sulphur Soap for Glenn's—but, having myself tried other kinds, I find *none* are so beneficial as the *Genuine* SULPHUR SOAP stamped "GLENN'S," which always bears the name of "C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor," on the packet.

Yours truly, C. T. Z. DURAND.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.—[*Com.*]

---

## HEART DISEASE.

*Gentlemen*,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, THOMAS BISHOP,

Note Teller Nat. Bank of the Republic,

To Messrs. MORGAN & ALLEN. New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

---

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

### NERVOUS DISEASES.

MY nervous system was overworked. I tried various remedies, but in all I found none that acted so general and thorough as Horsford's Acid Phosphate. I have several emaciated, debilitated nervous cases, that are rallying under its use chiefly. H. W. BAGGS, M.D.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL. —[*Com.*]

---

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## EPPS'S COCOA.

### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

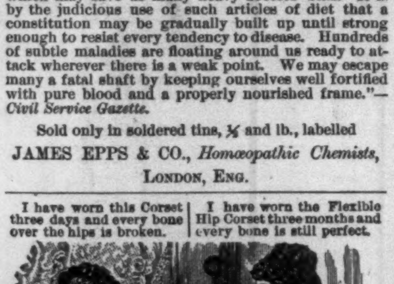
Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,

LONDON, ENG.

---

I have worn this Corset three days and every bone over the hips is broken. | I have worn the Flexible Hip Corset three months and every bone is still perfect.



**DR. WARNER'S**

**FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET**

Is warranted not to break over the hips. It gives an elegant Figure, and fits with perfect ease. Price by mail, with Plain Bust, $1 25; with Tampico Bust (Perfection Corset), $1 75.

**WARNER BROS., 351 Broadway, N. Y.**

---

**MAKE MONEY, ALL OF YOU!**

**Caxtonette Press, $8.00.**

**Caxton Press, $13.00.**

COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $56; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. **Presses from $3.**

CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms.

Send Stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847.

---

**MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.**

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.

Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S

Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,

604 Broadway, New York,

Sole Agents in the United States.

---

ALWAYS WET. THE FOUNTAIN SPONGE CUP

CANVASSERS WANTED SENT FREIGHT PAID ON RECEIPT OF $1 BY H. PALMER BOX 1060. N.Y. CITY

---

**PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY**, Chester, Pa. Opens September 8th. Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics, and English. Degrees conferred. Col. THEO. HYATT, President.

## Smith's Musket Torch.

Send in your orders, as they are selling rapidly.

Sample Torch sent on receipt of $1 00.

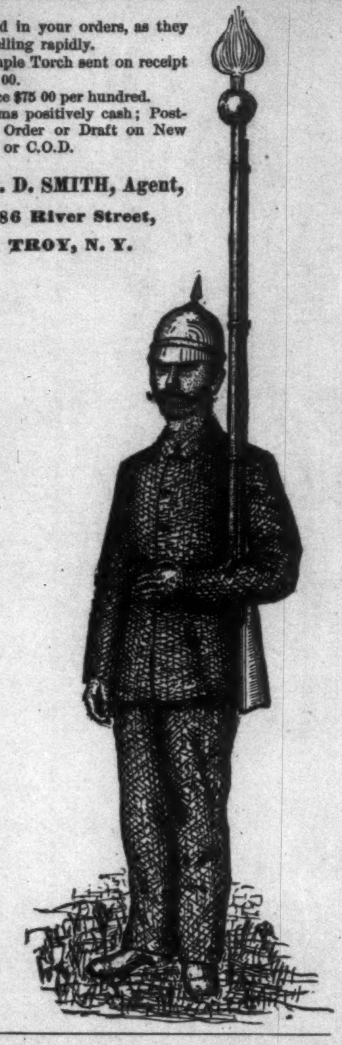
Price $75 00 per hundred.

Terms positively cash; Post-office Order or Draft on New York, or C.O.D.

**GEO. D. SMITH, Agent,**

**886 River Street,**

**TROY, N. Y.**



---

## HARPER'S WEEKLY

FOR THE

## PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

**Splendidly Illustrated.**

CARTOONS AND SKETCHES

BY

**WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.**

The Political Situation Fully Discussed.

**July 1st to November 20th,**

**(Nos. 1226 to 1247, inclusive),**

22 WEEKS FOR $1 50.

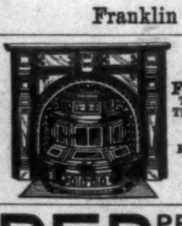
**Postage Prepaid.**

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

---



**BIBB'S**

Celebrated Original

**BALTIMORE**

**FIRE-PLACE HEATERS**

To warm upper and lower rooms.

The handsomest, most economical Coal Stoves in the world.

**B. C. BIBB & SON**

Foundry Office and Salesrooms,

39 and 41 Light Street,

**Baltimore, Md.**

MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.

☞ *Send for Circulars.*

---

**PERPETUAL WICK**

No Trimming. No Smell.

**Brilliant Light. Fits any Lamp.**

Send 25 cents for Samples. **Agents Wanted.**

**PERPETUAL WICK CO., Chicago.**

---

**BOSWELL & WARNER'S**

**COLORIFIC**

Colors hair a beautiful brown or black, leaving it soft and glossy. Applied in five minutes. One preparation—no lead, sulphur, or sediment.

---

**EXACTLY LIKE FINE GOLD WATCHES.**

Our $15, $20, $25, $30 and $40 Watches will stand the ACID TEST. There is nothing in the market equal to them, even at four times the cost. Chains, $2 to $12, of the same. Sent by Express, C.O.D. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. Watchmakers' Tools and Materials. **COLLINS GOLD METAL WATCH FACTORY,** 335 Broadway, New York.

---

**FREEHOLD Institute**, Freehold, New Jersey. Young Men and Boys thoroughly prepared for the best Colleges and for Business. Rev. A. G. CHAMBERS, Principal.

---

**20** Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

## CAMPAIGN READING.

### Republican or Democrat?

A Retrospect, with its Lesson for the Citizen of 1880. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

### Life of James A. Garfield,

Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By EDMUND KIRKE. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

### Eaton's Civil Service in Great Britain.

Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By DORMAN B. EATON. With an Introduction by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

### Richardson's National Banks.

The National Banks. By H. W. RICHARDSON. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

### Newcomb's A B C of Finance.

The A B C of Finance; or, the Money and Labor Questions Familiarly Explained to Common People, in Short and Easy Lessons. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

### Atkinson's Labor and Capital.

Labor and Capital Allies—Not Enemies. By EDWARD ATKINSON. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

### Nordhoff's Politics for Young Americans.

Politics for Young Americans. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. 16mo, Half Leather, 75 cents.

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

---

**KIDNEY-WORT**

**The Only Remedy**

That Acts at the Same Time on

**The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys**

*This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.*

**Why Are We Sick?**

*Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.*

**KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE**

**Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.**

*by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.*

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!

Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!

Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!

Why endure nervous or sick headaches!

Why have sleepless nights!

*Use* KIDNEY WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six qts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,

(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

---

## HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

| | |
|---|---|
| HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year | $4 00 |
| HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year | 4 00 |
| HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year | 4 00 |
| HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year | 1 50 |

### A COMBINATION OFFER.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| HARPER'S MAGAZINE<br>HARPER'S WEEKLY<br>HARPER'S BAZAR | One Year | $10 00 |
| HARPER'S MAGAZINE<br>HARPER'S WEEKLY | One Year | 7 00 |
| HARPER'S MAGAZINE<br>HARPER'S BAZAR | One Year | 7 00 |
| HARPER'S WEEKLY<br>HARPER'S BAZAR | One Year | 7 00 |

Address

**HARPER & BROTHERS,**

**Franklin Square, New York.**

---

Before
After
Copyrighted

**MUSTACHE AND WHISKERS.**

Dyke's Beard Elixir did this and will do it on either bald head or bare face. Forces heavy Mustache in from 2 to 4 weeks and never fails. 20,000 young men already wear full beard, having used 1 to 3 pk's. No injury, easily applied, certain in effect. Pk'g post-paid, 25c. 3 for 50c. stamps or silver. SMITH & CO., Sole Agents, Palatine, Ills. (Strictly genuine.)

---

**BRYAN'S Tasteless Vermifuge**—the Peerless Worm Remedy and mother's favorite—25 cents.

**ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.**

**CARPETS.**

Have now open their Fall Importation of English and American Carpetings, designs and colorings adapted to the latest style of decorations in Axminsters, Moquettes, Wiltons, Brussels, Tapestries, Three-ply, and Ingrains.

Whole Carpets, Rugs, and Mats. Oil-Cloths, Linoleum, and Lignum.

**Broadway & 19th St.**

TRIBUNE & FARMER.
TRIBUNE AND FARMER
TRIBUNE & FARMER.
TRIBUNE AND FARMER

As an experiment, and to influence future subscriptions, we offer to send the

**TRIBUNE AND FARMER**
**EVERY WEEK FOR 3 MONTHS,**
**ON TRIAL—FREE!**

to any one who will send us their address, together with twelve one-cent stamps, to pay postage on twelve consecutive numbers of the TRIBUNE AND FARMER, issued every Saturday.

**Regular Price, $1.00 Per Year.**

Mose Skinner's Weekly Humorous Letters, Detective Sketches; Exposes City Sharpers; Four Complete Short Stories. Ladies' Department, Youths' Column, and the very best Agricultural Department of any weekly in the United States, edited by Prof. THOMAS MEEHAN.

TRIBUNE AND FARMER, Philadelphia, Penna.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT**

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

**CONSTITUTION WATER.**

40 DROPS OF **Constitution Water,**

THREE TIMES A DAY,

CURES BRIGHT'S DISEASE, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

**For Female Complaints a Specialty.**

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

**HOPE FOR THE DEAF**

*Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums*

**PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING** and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. **We refer to those using them.** Send for descriptive circular. Address JOHN GARMORE & CO., S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

**AGENTS WANTED**

For **"Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."** By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations and Maps.

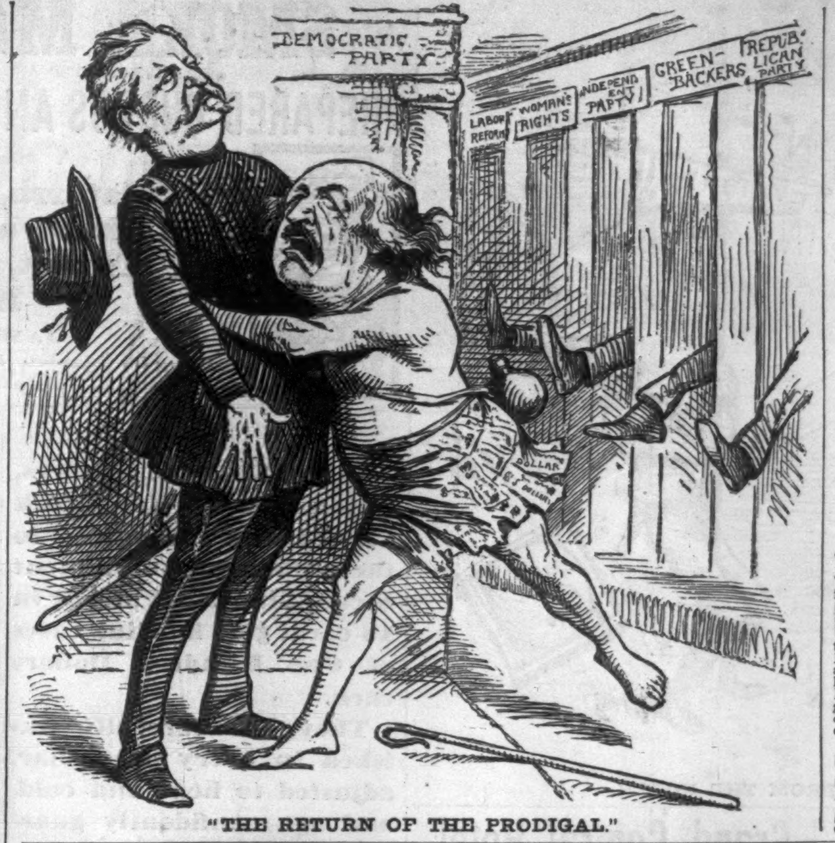
Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

**CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES**

representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell DR. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at Sight.* You double your money. Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.



"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL."

**CARPETS,**

**NEW FALL STYLES.**

WE ARE NOW OPENING LARGE LINES OF NEW DESIGNS AND STYLES IN CARPETINGS RECEIVED FROM

**OUR OWN FACTORIES,**

WHICH WILL BE FOUND TO COMBINE TO AN UNUSUAL EXTENT

Elegance in Style and Finish,
Durability in Wear, and
Economy in Prices.

WE ALSO OFFER AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF **TURKISH, PERSIAN,** AND **EAST INDIAN** CARPETS AND RUGS, AND **OTHER POPULAR FLOOR COVERINGS,** AT EXTREMELY MODERATE RATES.

**J. & J. DOBSON,**

40 & 42 WEST 14th STREET, N. Y.,

Near 6th Avenue Elevated R. R. Station.

JOHN VAN GAASBEEK, Manager.

**THE BONANZA FOR BOOK-AGENTS** is selling our two *splendidly illustrated* books, Lives of

**HANCOCK and GARFIELD**

the first written by his *life-long friend,* **Hon. J. W. FORNEY,** an author of *national fame,* and an *ardent* admirer of the "superb soldier"; the second written by his comrade-in-arms and *personal* friend, **Gen. JAS. S. BRISBIN,** an author of *wide celebrity. Both official, low-priced, immensely popular,* selling *beyond precedent. Agents double profits by selling both.* Outfits 50c. each. *Act quick and* **coin money.** HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Phila.

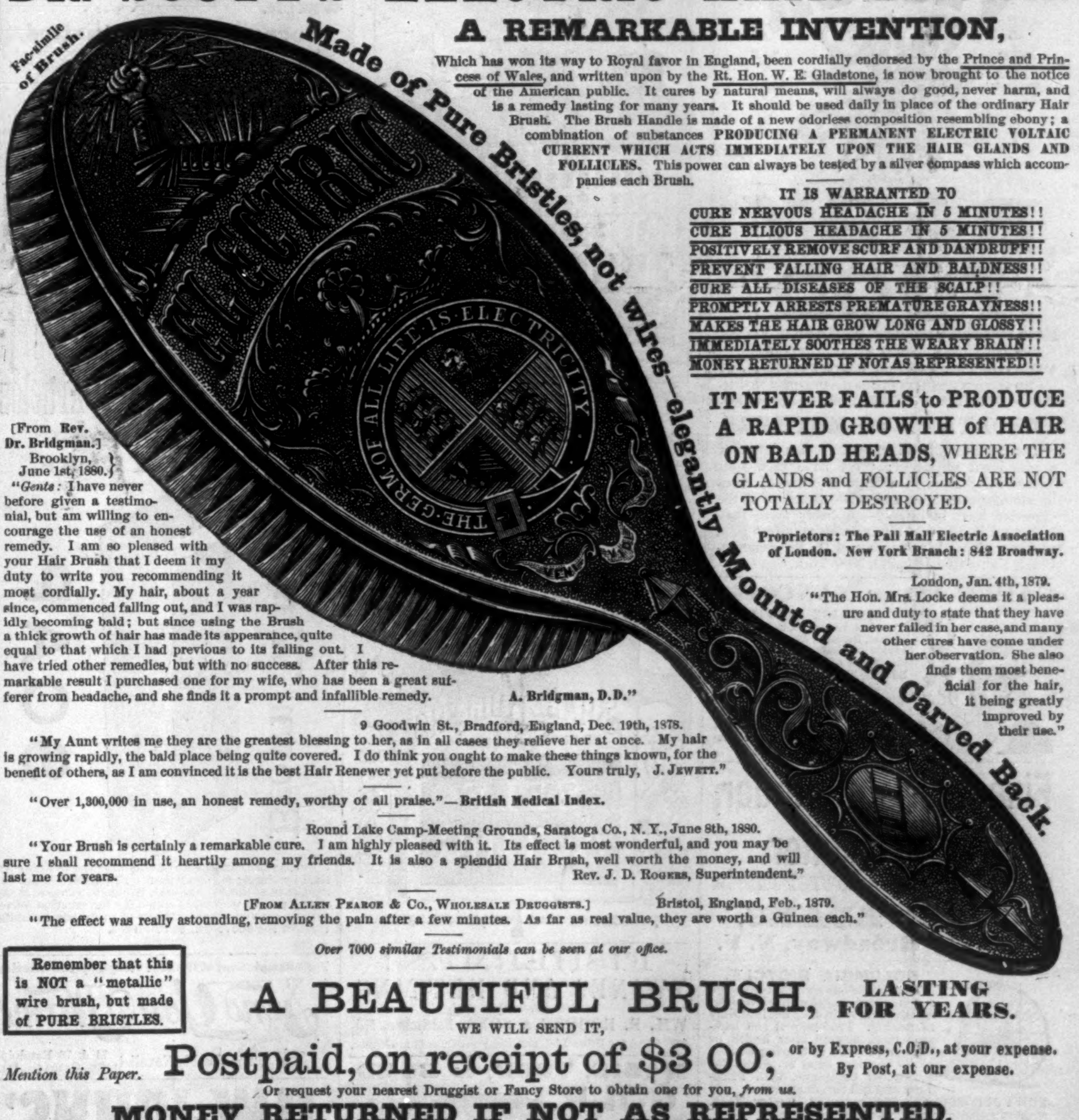
**$350** A MONTH. Agents wanted. 75 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

50 Elegant, All New, Chromo & Scroll Cards, no 2 alike, Name Nicely printed, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

**DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH.**

**A REMARKABLE INVENTION,**

Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRIC VOLTAIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.


Fac-simile of Brush.
Made of Pure Bristles, not wires—elegantly Mounted and Carved Back.
ELECTRIC
THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY

IT IS WARRANTED TO

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES!!
POSITIVELY REMOVE SCURF AND DANDRUFF!!
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS!!
CURE ALL DISEASES OF THE SCALP!!
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS!!
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY!!
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN!!
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED!!

**IT NEVER FAILS to PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH of HAIR ON BALD HEADS,** WHERE THE GLANDS and FOLLICLES ARE NOT TOTALLY DESTROYED.

**Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London. New York Branch: 842 Broadway.**

London, Jan. 4th, 1879.

"The Hon. Mrs. Locke deems it a pleasure and duty to state that they have never failed in her case, and many other cures have come under her observation. She also finds them most beneficial for the hair, it being greatly improved by their use."

[From Rev. Dr. Bridgman.] Brooklyn, June 1st, 1880.

"*Gents:* I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy. A. Bridgman, D.D."

9 Goodwin St., Bradford, England, Dec. 19th, 1878.

"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public. Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

"Over 1,300,000 in use, an honest remedy, worthy of all praise."—**British Medical Index.**

Round Lake Camp-Meeting Grounds, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 8th, 1880.

"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be sure I shall recommend it heartily among my friends. It is also a splendid Hair Brush, well worth the money, and will last me for years. Rev. J. D. ROGERS, Superintendent."

[FROM ALLEN PEARCE & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.] Bristol, England, Feb., 1879.

"The effect was really astounding, removing the pain after a few minutes. As far as real value, they are worth a Guinea each."

*Over 7000 similar Testimonials can be seen at our office.*

Remember that this is NOT a "metallic" wire brush, but made of PURE BRISTLES.

**A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.**

WE WILL SEND IT,

*Mention this Paper.* **Postpaid, on receipt of $3 00;** or by Express, C.O.D., at your expense. By Post, at our expense.

Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, *from us.*

**MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.**

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? This paper will not knowingly publish any humbug; and I have placed a Brush in the hands of Mayor Cooper and Postmaster James, of New York, as a guarantee of my good faith.

☞ Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Agents wanted in every town. They can be made in checks, drafts, post-office orders, or currency in registered or non-registered letters. It costs only ten cents to register a letter.

**PORTABILITY,** combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

48 Page Floral Autograph Album, Ill'd with Ferns, Birds, Lilies, Scrolls, &c. Covers and Edges elegantly Gilded, also 47 select Quotations, all for 15 cts., postpaid. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. G. W. Bocemsdes, West Haven, Ct.

**SOLDIERS** Get the BEST ARTIFICIAL LIMBS on Gov't Order. Apply to Chas. H. Evans, Gov't Mfr, 152 W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the sale of our popular Subscription Books. Circulars sent on application to HARPER & BROTHERS,
SUBSCRIPTION BOOK DEPARTMENT,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

**$777** A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.